

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE COMPLETION OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAIL ROAD.—DR. DURANT AND GOV. STANFORD DRIVING THE LAST SPIKES, CONNECTING THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC RAIL ROADS, AT PROMONTORY POINT, UTAH, AT FIVE MINUTES PAST 3 P.M., NEW YORK TIME, MAY 10TH, 1869.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 183.



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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

"Bound in Honor."

THE European press, and notably the press of Great Britain and Denmark, is much occupied with, to us, a very simple question, namely, how far the action of the Executive, in the matter of making treaties and conventions, really binds the nation. Great Britain is annoyed, we were about to write enraged, because the Senate rejected the Alabama treaty, after it had been formally negotiated by the accredited representative of the United States, under the sanction and approval, if not the direct instructions, of the President and Secretary of State. The British publicists know, it is true, that no treaty can be valid or of effect unless approved by a two-thirds vote of the Senate, but they hold that what the "Government" has directed or sanctioned, binds the nation in honor and equity, thus making the mistake of substituting the European idea of "government" for the American one, while the two are radically different. For certain purposes the Senate is part of the Executive power, corresponding in this respect with the special powers which are invested in the Privy Councils, or Councils of State, of England and France, differing only in the fact that the power of the Senate is greater. In Great Britain the opinion of the Privy Council, on a treaty, for instance, would, in virtue of precedent, overrule the Crown; but in France, might be overruled by the Crown. In the United States, the Senate, sitting as a Council of State, may, of right, overrule the President.

The "Government" of the United States is not, therefore, the President and his Cabinet, but the President and the Senate, and until the Senate approves the action of the President, that action cannot be considered as of the "Government," nor be taken to have committed the "Government" of the country ever so slightly.

If after an existence of nearly a century, during which time we have had relations with almost every nation on the globe, our machinery of Government is not understood, it is no fault of ours. We commend our Constitution, and our practice under it, to the attention of European writers, in the hope that they will come to understand that the Executive of the United States and his ministers are only in a qualified and rigorously limited sense the "Government," and further, that their action in certain directions is neither directly nor by implication binding on the country.

The British Ministry in negotiating with Mr. Reverdy Johnson knew perfectly well that their work must go to the Senate for its action, which would be decisive as to its fate; and the British Ministry knew perfectly well that the "Alabama" treaty had not the remotest chance of confirmation. If they did not, then the Minister of Great Britain in this country was grossly derelict, and the advantage of keeping diplomatic functionaries abroad has proved a delusion and snare. But we do not believe that Mr. Thornton was unaware of the certainty of the rejection of the Johnson treaty, and we entertain not the slightest doubt that it was with a complete conviction of this fact, as sure as any unvarnished fact could be, that the negotiations on the part of the British Ministry were conducted. We charge that they did not act in good faith, but for the sole purpose of putting the United States in a false position before the world, and especially before our people. They made apparent concessions, that looked at first glance

almost humiliating, knowing that although poor, garrulous old Mr. Reverdy Johnson would not detect them, their true character would be apparent to the Senate, and the whole affair rejected. They reasoned astutely, and they have accomplished their object. All England believes now that the United States has obstinately and willfully negated a fair and satisfactory proposition, which strained the national honor to the utmost point of concession, and the crafty Ministry has, in consequence, an undivided country at its back, willing to support it in any combination against the United States, and in any scheme for its humiliation. This is the real state of the case, but happily we can wait for our vindication from the charge of bad faith, as well as for the recognition of our rights and the adjustment of our claims.

In negotiating for the sale of St. Thomas to the United States, Denmark did so with a thorough knowledge of the Constitutional provision by which all treaties must pass to the Senate for approval, since, whatever may have been Mr. Seward's faults or follies, in this case he specially directed the attention of the Danish Government to that fact. Indeed, that Government does not pretend to say it was not aware of this condition, but it pretends that the United States is bound "in honor" to ratify the act of its "Government," falling into the old, vicious error that the President and Secretary of State are the "Government." A recent Copenhagen paper, in a long and able, but complaining article, puts the case against the United States in the strongest manner probably in which it can be treated, but shows its utter want of conception of what is the American "Government" when it says: "It is not with Johnson or Seward that Denmark has treated; it is with the President of the United States and his Secretary of State, who are official and competent authorities," etc. But they are not official and competent authorities to make a treaty; they may draw up one with the representatives of other powers, but it is no more a treaty than a note is anything more than a bit of written paper until accepted by the "competent authority," which in this case is the Senate.

The strongest point made by the Danes is rather in the shape of an appeal in *forma pauperis* to the United States, which, considering that they held St. Thomas at \$25,000,000, and thought the acceptance of \$7,000,000 a ruinous bargain, only to be excused on the ground of a self-sacrificing desire to gratify the longings of the United States, as embodied in Mr. Seward, is rather amusing. On reading the correspondence on the subject on the Danish side, preceding "the sale," we should think that Denmark would only be too glad to get out of a bad bargain—in fact, would not object to pay us a million or so to be let off. But the later correspondence convinces us that almost any sum "down," say a million, would bring us the island in short order. For we all know that St. Thomas is a fever-stricken, hurricane-swept, earthquake-riven den of piebald smugglers and riff-raff of creation, from which steamship depots and all other artificial elements that lent it importance are being rapidly withdrawn, and that it is of no kind of use to Denmark, any more than it would be to us. But let that pass.

Denmark claims, with a certain show of right, that because she is comparatively poor and weak, she should not be made the sport of Secretaries, while powers like Russia can have their little cheats on our treasury regularly sanctioned on the high ground of "honor involved," and especially when the swindle practiced was far more conspicuous and complete than in the matter of St. Thomas. If "our honor" was involved in one case, it is claimed, it was also involved in the other; and we have to admit that it was mainly on that ground that the good sense of Congress was overcome, and the money for Alaska appropriated.

But we must remind our Danish friends that the Alaska matter had gone further than that of St. Thomas, when the sense of the country was aroused to its folly. Mr. Seward, with a designed precipitation, had actually taken possession of the country; Russia had withdrawn; the inhabitants had left; and a complication had been brought about by that egregious old man that seemed to admit of no other solution. But does it follow that because the child has put his finger in the fire once, he shall, therefore, keep doing so? Because a man has made a fool of himself on one occasion, he shall be forever so bound by the precedent, and continue to do so?

Denmark may make up her mind that we do not want St. Thomas—would not take it as a gift; that we are in no way "bound in honor" to ratify a mere proposition, that lacked the essential condition to make it a bargain; and especially do we beseech her not to deceive herself, and this adjuration is equally addressed to Great Britain, with the notion that the St. Thomas cession was not acted on, or the Alabama treaty rejected, because of the hostility of Congress to the late Executive and his Cabinet. That hostility had little or no influence in either case, and we do not believe can here-

after influence a single vote. The action of Congress is only a fair exponent of American sentiment and intelligence, both as regards St. Thomas and the Alabama claims.

"The Gentleman's Magazine."

Among the many changes that the most conservative of European cities undergo, nothing strikes the recurring visitor more forcibly than the abolition of ancient walls and ramparts, and the substitution thereof of broad and elegant roadways, properly called *boulevards*—ways of which our long and tortuous drives, well laid out and elegant enough, through copse and open fields, have no right to usurp the name. But if medieval Europe, in its brick-and-mortar aspect, exhibits changes so great, what shall we say to its literary landmarks, that disappear almost as rapidly?

Among the oldest, if indeed not the very oldest of English monthlies, was the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a publication that boasted over a century of existence—a magazine, literally, of events, incidents, thoughts, fancies, births and deaths, and all the varieties of English thought and life for more than four generations. The spirit of the New World, reflected back on the Old, found its ashes almost cold, but entered into and vivified them anew, and a modernized *Gentleman's Magazine* appeared, showing the literary tastes, the aspirations and hopes of the second decade of the last half of the nineteenth century. It has had a year, and, we hope, a successful one, of existence. It publishes the only authorized English edition of Victor Hugo's last failure, "L'Homme qui Rit;" or, as it styles it, instead of trying to translate it, as some obscure American publishers had attempted to do, "By Order of the King." This translation is equally accurate and admirable, and makes all that good English can make of a very poor French story.

But while thus according all praise to whom praise is due, we must protest against the *Gentleman's Magazine* taking the advertisement of some sensational story, publishing or to be published in some sensational periodical, and charging the production of this monstrous chaos of adjectives as the title of some work of fiction in course of publication in this paper. None can reprobate this style of literature more than we do, and although the error is a small one, if not too small to attract attention in the first place, it is large enough to deserve correction in the second. "The big sea-waves of morbid fancy" never find their way into these columns, except as paid advertisements, in the pages devoted to advertisements.

MEMORY.

BY LAURIGER.

WHEN Mem'ry from her slumbering shell
Wakes the slow echoes, through its cave,
Like music of some fairy bell
Over the placid river's wave,
Steals softly sweet an evening tone,
Whispering my heart, "Not, not alone;
I am with thee!"

Again the sounding echoes swell,
Near and more. Oh! let me fly
The bitter note—my hope's sad knell—
Ringing the echoes of a cry,
The waking anguish, in a tone,
Piercing my heart—"Alas! alone!
Lost, lost to thee!"

IN THE DAY OF AUSTRIA.

Now, how I came to hear about Tommasi while in Venice was in this wise. I had held aloof from the *valet de place* one, two, three whole days; but on the fourth he caught me alive, and passing a silken string through my nose, led me about an unresisting captive. Yet did I not surrender at the outset, but fell into his trap unaware. A certain Giuseppe had been recommended to me at the hotel; and I was strictly cautioned against the spurious Giuseppe, Jacopo, Pietro, and other outsiders of the cicerone order, who might be lingering about the Riva de' Schiavoni, or the vomitories of St. Mark's Place.

"Leave me in peace," I said; "I am not an idiot."

So I made one appointment after another with Giuseppe, and broke them all; and the landlord carefully putting Giuseppe in the bill, nobody was the sufferer by the mischance, save my yet unborn children, and the unconscious legatees under my last will and testament.

I was gazing and gazing, on the fourth morning, at the horses of St. Mark on the architrave of the Basilica, and wondering how they liked Paris when they were perched atop of the arch of the Carrousel, when the *valet de place* "potted" me, and I was all his own in a moment. He hawked me down with his merry black eye. He whistled, and I came to him like a lad. He crooked his brown forefinger, and I followed him. He came sliding by my side, whispering airy banalities; and then he slipped the digit of persuasion under my left gill, and landed me high and dry. It was better than gorging the bait, and being dragged along with the barbs ranking in your vitals. I was hooked most efficiently; but the *valet de place* had a fluent winch, and a pliant rod, and plenty of line. He ran me out as many yards as I chose to wander, and suggested even a trip to Murano or

Malamocco before we mounted the Fine Art treadmill; and when I was exhausted, and the waters of my mind were purpling with the gore of indecision, he, with a strong yet gentle hand, hauled me into the Cortile of the Doge's Palace, and up the Giant's Staircase, and past the Lion's Mouth and the Golden Staircase; and almost before I knew where I was, I found myself in the Hall of the Senate, surrounded by the vellum-bound tomes of Cardinal Bessarione's library, and craning my neck in vain attempts to distinguish the dusky figures in Tintoretto's picture of Paradise.

Three whole hours did the valet work his will with me in the palace that Aguello Partecipazio founded a thousand years ago. But I will have mercy upon you, although the valet had none. I will put off to another day—to the Greek Kalends, perchance—the account of what I saw in the Ducal Palace. We went through the entire agony, from the Hall of the Ambassadors to the Saloon of the Ship's Compasses, from the Doge's bedroom (no longer rejoicing in a four-poster) to the underground dungeon into which, for a few hours preceding his conviction, they thrust Marino Faliero.

We were standing on, or rather inside, the Bridge of Sighs, and peeping through the loopholes, I and the valet (for it is a peculiarity of the Venetian cicerone that they always seem quite as interested with the marvels of Venice as the strangers they conduct through them, and never betray the slightest symptoms of having seen everything—churches, palaces, and picture-galleries—ten thousand times before), when it occurred to me to ask the substitute for Giuseppe how much I stood indebted to him. He, addressing me by the title of Excellency, said that he left it to the traditional generosity of my nation, and to that inborn personal munificence (but this he expressed rather by gestures than by words) which he saw beaming from my eye. He had many children, he resumed; life was hard, bread dear, the Republic dead, and the Tedeschi uppermost. He was satisfied with what I gave him, nay, seemed grateful for it, and sang a little song of joy over the pieces as he pocketed them. He was a most musical cicerone, and had enlivened the awful stillness of the underground dungeons with a series of cheerful *canzonetti*. Then, as though assuming that the right thing to do was to offer me a kind of rebate or discount for cash—on the principle of the gentleman who, in grateful acknowledgment for food and shelter bestowed upon him, gave his entertainer the friendly advice to choose a corner-place if ever he happened to be sent to the treadmill—the *valet de place*, using his toothpick in a contented manner, said to me:

"You are long in Venice, Excellency?"

I told him that I had been there but four days.

"And you remain long?"

I informed him that I was bound to depart at the end of the week.

"Then you should see as much of the manners of the place as possible. Of picture-galleries, picture-galleries, and still picture-galleries, your Excellency will be apt to grow tired."

And in this, which he laid down with axiomatic sententiousness, I cordially agreed with the *valet de place*.

"Justly, to-day," he resumed, "you are fortunate. This very afternoon the affair of Tommasi will be judged."

I started at the name of the much canvassed Tommasi.

"Tell me all about him," I eagerly exclaimed.

The guide shrugged his shoulders.

"Povero diavolo!" he replied. "There is not much to be said about him. He is of Venetian birth, but of late years lived at Trieste. He occupied himself with lithography. He, and his mistress La Maddalena, and his foreman Bocco Storta, are accused of forging Austrian paper-money. For eighteen months the process has been protracted; but at last the judges—*accidente* to every one of them!—have made up their minds, and this afternoon sentence will be pronounced."

"Where is the tribunal?" I eagerly asked.

"In the Ducal Palace itself. Ask for the Sala della Giustizia. You can't miss it. Go up the Scala de' Giganti, and turn to the left under the colonnade till you come to a door on the balcony overlooking the sea. Besides, there will be a large crowd to show you the way. We poor Venetians see so few sights nowadays, that even a criminal trial is a godsend. The sentence will be pronounced at four o'clock; but I should advise you to be here by half-past three. For the rest, I shall be about myself; and I shall not charge your Excellency anything for doing what may be in my humble power toward assisting you. *Lo farò per l'amore di Dio*."

I thanked the *valet de place*, and he went on his way, and I on mine. I mooned about the Merceria, and bought nicknacks, and smoked, until three o'clock; and then I sauntered slowly round the Procuratie Nuove, and by the Caffè Aurora (where the Turks sit puffing their chibouques), and by the Zecca to the Mole, and so back again by the façade of the Palazzo Ducale to the Cortile, which was full of people.

The Giant's Staircase, likewise, was crowded, and the gondoliers and idlers hung thick as flies round the base of Sansovino's colossal figures, and over the balcony looking into the courtyard. I had no difficulty in finding the Sala della Giustizia, for an almost interminable living stream was hurrying thither, all jabbering and gesticulating on the inexhaustible theme of Tommasi. At length I came to a great pillared doorway, draped with heavy curtains of striped stuff, and straightway found myself in the auditorium of the tribunal.

It was a large room, of stately architectural proportions, but very dark; for although there was a range of noble windows opening on the balcony and the sea, their apertures were veiled, like the doorway, by the same striped drapery. But the sun was still fierce; and these draperies, stirred by the sea-breeze, acted as impromptu

punkahs, and gave us not only shade but coolness. The ceiling was supported by Corinthian columns with richly-carved capitals, and both walls and roof had probably, in the days of the Republic, been covered with fresco paintings—as almost every other inch of this marvelous palace, not being occupied by gilding, or colored marble and gilding, is covered.

The possible frescoes had, however, under the auspices of a paternal government, long since disappeared beneath a coating of whitewash.

High up on the wall toward the Piazzetta there was a gallery crammed to the roof, and looking like the sign of the Chequers with its close-packed array of pale faces and black garments. Facing this gallery in the opposite wall was a low door, heavily paneled.

"That door leads into the prison on the other side of the canal," a bystander to whom I addressed myself informed me. "Yes; Tommasi and the rest will be brought over the Bridge of Sighs."

"Over the Bridge of Sighs!" The thing was becoming sensational.

The hall was divided longitudinally into two unequal portions by a stout wooden barrier and rails. The larger portion, a huge, stone-paved pen with the windows in the rear, was devoted to the public. The remaining section was reserved for justice, and those with whom justice had to deal. In the centre of the wall, facing the draped doorway, was a canopy hung with fusty red serge, carelessly festooned and surmounted by the double-headed eagle of Austria. Under this canopy was a most vile daub in a paltry frame—a portrait of the I. S. R. Monarch Francis Joseph. Before it stretched a large green table of horseshoe form, set out with pens, ink, and paper, and garnished with four common rush-bottomed chairs. These were as yet empty. To the right was another table, longer and larger, with perhaps a dozen of the same chairs, on which were seated as many dark-bearded gentlemen, in full evening costume—white cravats, patent-leather boots, and all. These, I was given to understand, were the *Avvocati* or *Avogadori*—the Bar of Venice. They looked a great deal more like the male artists at a *café chantant*. To the left stood, against the wall, another table, a small and rickety one, supporting a crucifix and a pair of wax candles in battered sconces. All these tables stood on a dais, or platform, raised about a foot from the floor; and to the left of the canopy, close to the barrier, there was a low wooden bench, behind which stood, with fixed bayonets, a couple of Austrian police-soldiers. Lower down on each side, but still within the barriers, were half a dozen rows of high-backed forms, like the free seats in an English parish church; and these were filled with persons somewhat better dressed than the crowd in the gallery and the stone pen, but jabbering and gesticulating quite as vehemently.

I was not very comfortable in the pen; for my neighbors were numerous, and there were altogether too many elbows in the interstices of my ribs, and too many boots on my toes, to be agreeable. Moreover the heat was oppressive, not to say stifling; and although I am passionately fond of garlic in connection with cutlets, the environment of Venetians à *Pail* (and very highly flavored they were) might have been dispensed with. There was some compensation, however, for these ills in the commentaries upon the Tommasi affair, which were current on all sides. For Tommasi himself there was manifested a deep, affectionate, and unanimous sympathy. They spoke of him as *questo poverino*—this unhappy little one. One gondolier was bold enough to volunteer the statement that Tommasi had fought under Manin when the Austrians bombarded Venice from Fort Malghera, and that he was as brave as the lion of St. Mark; but I observed that at this rash avowal the immediate auditors of the gondolier looked askance at him, and glanced uneasily over their shoulders, as though they feared that spies were nigh. But there was a general impression that Tommasi had been drawn into his "error," as they mildly qualified his forgery, by La Maddalena—who had devoured his patrimony, and would sell herself to the Evil One (they whispered) for a new silk dress; and that Bocca Storta, or Crooked Mouth, his confederate (who was a Tyrolese), was a traitor.

I was growing rather tired of having my ribs dug into and my feet stamped upon, when my friend, the musical *valet de place*, made his appearance behind the barrier. He was shocked to see me in such common company. "Fall back there, friends," he cried, "and let the signore pass." He whispered to an Austrian police-officer, who gave a nod of acquiescence, and then a grunt of gratification as I slipped a small silver token of my personal respect for him into his leather-gloved paw. I was permitted to dive under the barrier, and was speedily bestowed on one of the free-seat benches, whence I had a capital view of the president's table—the empty one—and the low door leading to the Bridge of Sighs and the prison.

Among my new associates, who were very courteous, but not entirely divested of the high-flavored odor, I found the subject of Tommasi quite as ripe as among the more miscellaneous assemblage in the pen. I heard how Tommasi had been at the head of a large lithographic establishment at Trieste; how he had kept carriages and horses, and given suppers to his friends; how the Maddalena had worn silks from Paris, and bonnets a yard high; and how at last he and she and Crooked Mouth, whose real name was Barocchi, had all been arrested on a charge of fabricating and putting into circulation forged notes of the Imperial and Royal Privileged Bank of Vienna to the extent of one hundred thousand florins. Nobody seemed to hold that it was a very wrong thing in Tommasi to have committed this "error," but everybody agreed that it was a very bad job for him to have been found out. Then one old gentleman gave a long account of the regulations of the Austrian prisons; of the diet, and

labor and discipline; of how the prisoners were fed on black bread and moldy lentils, and beaten into mummies with willow rods for the slightest offenses—*le donne siccome gli uomini*—the old gentleman pursued with an indignant scowl; and how, if Tommasi were convicted—the which he very much feared would be the case—he would be, immediately on his return to jail, laden with fetters, and clad in the convict garb.

Who these well-dressed people in the back benches were, puzzled me; not more so, perhaps, than the personality of the queer and faded individuals you see in the back seats of English courts of justice, and in the *tribune publique* of a French tribunal, all of whom seem germane, and to the manner born of the place, and whom you meet with nowhere else. I have since read in an old book about Venice that, from time immemorial, it has been customary for the friends and clients both of the prosecution and defendant to attend the tribunal on the day of trial, and that this usage is an ancient Greek one. Some vestige of this traditional custom may have lingered to this day. Let me, *en passant*, observe that, from first to last, with the exception of La Maddalena (of whom more presently, and who was one of the inculpated), there was not a single woman present in the court. The Austrians are a most modest people, and shrink from violating decorum in the slightest degree. It is true that in their prisons they flog women; but then the castigation is always inflicted by a person of the culprit's own sex, the executioner receiving ninepence halfpenny "of the new coinage" for her pains.

All this time there had been bustling about, arranging papers, mending pens, filling inkstands, and adjusting chairs at the judge's table, a lively Italian gentleman with a full mustache, and a shock head of tufted black hair. He was clad in ordinary civilian costume, wore an open shirt collar and a black neckcloth of the Byron pattern, and looked, on the whole, slightly dirty. He, I learnt, was the usher of the court. He did not in the least look like a tipstaff, but he was on very free and easy terms with the gendarmes, and on scarcely less familiar ones with the clients, who had come to "see fair" in the back benches. He was of a facetious turn, and whosoever he went there was a giggle. From one or two observations he dropped when he passed me, I was led to opine that he was not wholly unfavorable to Tommasi; rather the reverse, indeed.

But precisely as the clock struck four all his humorous *bonhomie* disappeared, and he became the sternest of officials. His brows contracted, his mustache grew rigid, and I noticed that on his somewhat ragged waistcoat he wore double-eagle buttons. Then, in a terrible tone, he cried out, "Silenzio!" and the audience were at once hushed into death-like stillness. The judges were coming.

They came from a little door by the side of the table which had the crucifix upon it. They marched by my side of the back benches, ascended the platform, and so placed themselves at the horseshoe table, the president occupying the centre, under the canopy. They were four in number, but they did not make, when all ranged, anything like a terrible show. The president was a little man, with large black mustache, dyed, and green spectacles. He had an ordinary waistcoat and pantaloons, a turn-down collar, and a scarf with a cameo pin in it, but his upper garment was a short pea-jacket kind of a coat, with uniform buttons, and a little gold lace on the stand-up collar and cuffs. He had a cap with a gold lace band to it in his hand, and he looked something between a London postman, a master's assistant in the navy, and a member of the orchestra at Cremorne Gardens. Two of his associate judges, who seated themselves at a respectful distance from him, were arrayed in the same anomalous costume, while the fourth sat even more isolated, and wore a buttoned-up uniform of slightly more military make. I think he must have represented the purely Viennese or pipeclay element, and had been sent down from the capital to see that things judicial didn't assume too civil a form. What with these semi-soldierlike judges, and the black-bearded, evening-costumed *avvocati* at the adjoining table, and the motley gathering beyond the barrier, the entire tribunal seemed an incongruous mixture of a court-martial, the board-room of an assurance company, the committee-meeting of a club, and a police court.

The president, after remaining seated for a few moments, rose, put his cap on the table, and rang a small hand-bell, which to my cockney mind brought back agreeable reminiscences of muffins. Then the shock-headed usher called out "Silenzio!" again; the president waved his hand, and the door leading to the prison was thrown open. I could hear the *clicquetis* of bayonets and the grunting of musket-stocks on the stone pavement. Then half a dozen gendarmes appeared—not cocked-hatted, like the French ones, but wearing shakos—and in their midst walked the three prisoners.

I should have recognized Tommasi at once, and without the subdued whisper of his name that ran through the auditory. He was "bell-uno," a neighbor had told me, and, indeed, looked a fine specimen of humanity. He was of very tall stature, almost colossal, stout and well-proportioned, and had one of the most magnificent curling heads of black hair and flowing beards I have ever seen. He was well, and to a certain extent handsomely dressed. His linen was irreproachably white, and on his surcoat he wore a profusion of frogs and braidings. I don't wish to be hard upon Tommasi, now that (*poverino*) he has been delivered over to the tormentors; but no criticism of mine can do him any harm at this length of time, and it may serve to give the reader a definite idea of his appearance. If I remark that he reminded me very forcibly of the waxen figure of Monsieur Barthelemy in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors—the republican gentleman and professor of barricade-making, for whom

Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables," has expressed so much sympathy, and who, for the trifling "error" of murdering a soda-water manufacturer, was tried for his life in a country which did not appreciate his impulsive and somewhat volcanic genius, and, being convicted, was hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Barocchi, otherwise Bocca Storta, looked like a villain, and nothing more. His hair was a light red—an exceptional thing among Italian men, although the women are often *rousses*—and had, in addition to the deformity in his mouth, which had earned him an uncomplimentary nickname, a most abominable squint. La Maddalena was a tall, shapely young woman, superbly attired in a black moire, and with an expensive lace veil thrown over her raven tresses. She carried a fan—who has not a fan in Venice, the beggars included?—and made a great deal of a cambric pocket-handkerchief deeply bordered. Her eyes were large and bright, but her forehead was forbiddingly low, and her lips were unpleasantly thin.

The three accused sat down on the long, low bench allotted to them, a gendarme between each. Then, at a given signal, and after another proclamation for silence, they rose to hear their doom. The *avvocati* and the audience in the back benches likewise rose. The judges remained seated.

The president read from a paper the names, ages, and professions of the accused. There was Diadato Angelo Mercurio Tommasi, *Cattolico*, native of Venice, aged thirty-four, lithographic printer and engraver, domiciled at Trieste; Bartolomeo Barocchi, otherwise Bocca Storta, *Cattolico*, forty-one, native of Bolzano in the Tyrol, clerk; finally, there was Maddalena Rosati, *Cattolica*, twenty-three, native of Padua, single woman—all charged with forging, fabricating, and uttering sundry notes, payable on demand, to the detriment of the Imperial and Royal Privileged Bank of Vienna, and the "credito pubblico" of the Imperial and Royal Government.

Tommasi, while these preliminaries were being recited, swept the tribunal with a glance of lofty disdain. Bocca Storta contented himself with leering horribly, and with squinting in intensified obliquity, as I nervously imagined, toward me, as though to say, "This is rather an embarrassing predicament, brother, is it not?" As for the Maddalena, she kept her black eyes fixed on the president, and looked that which in all probability she was—a bold, hardened impudent hussy.

The president, an indifferently correct ear told me at once, was not an Italian. His delivery was fluid and rotund enough, but his tones were intolerably harsh. I whispered inquiringly to my neighbor, "Un Tedesco?" to which he in the same undertone replied, "No; Un Schiavone. E peggio." The Slavonic judge, having got through his exordium, and paid an official compliment to the various tribunals, procurators, and assessors, and other imperial and royal *employés* who had been charged with the investigation of the process in its various stages, went on to deliver sentence, beginning at the female prisoner.

Maddalena Rosati, as being considered amenable to suspicion of only very slight complicity in the crime of Tommasi, and having given material assistance to justice in the course of the proceedings, was acquitted, and ordered to be set at liberty on the rising of the tribunal.

"*Questa Bocca ha fatta delle rivelazioni*," murmured my neighbor.

"*La Bocca*" sat down, and began to fan herself, with a sardonic twinkle of her black eyes, and a more impudent, hardened look than ever.

Bartolomeo Barocchi, otherwise Bocca Storta, was declared by the tribunal guilty in the second degree of the crimes imputed to him, and notwithstanding his ample confessions and zealous but tardy endeavors to assist justice, the tribunal deemed it to be its duty to sentence him to fifteen years' hard labor.

At this announcement Bartolomeo the Crooked-mouthed gave one of the most appalling yelps that ever vibrated on mortal tympanum. His eyeballs seemed to be starting from their sockets, and his coarse red locks to stand erect. A yellow froth came on his distorted lips. He made a dart at the president's table, but was seized by two gendarmes, and was carried away, struggling frightfully. I supposed he was in an epileptic fit.

Wretched Bocca Storta! He, too, had made "revelations;" but his turning traitor had not saved him from fifteen years of the galley-slave's chain. It is hard, indeed, upon Judas when he loses his thirty pieces of silver.

Tommasi had throughout this scene preserved his disdainful mien, and stood quite still, with his arms folded across his brawny breast. The president looked at him through his spectacles keenly. Diadato Angelo Mercurio Tommasi, *Cattolico*, thirty-one, native of Venice, lithographic printer and engraver, domiciled at Trieste, was declared fully guilty of the frauds, forgeries, and fabrications laid to his charge, and was sentenced to hard labor in chains *pella vita*—for life.

He heard this dreadful doom unmoved and silent. Then he made a bow to the court; and, turning to the crowd, waved his hand, and in a rich sonorous voice cried out:

"*Amici, a riverdervi, non morirò!*"

By which I took it that Tommasi meant to live, and to get out of his chains if ever opportunity offered.

They were leading him away, when, by a dexterous movement, he turned to the bench where Maddalena was still sitting fanning herself. He laid his large powerful hand on her head, not vindictively, but, as I thought, tenderly and lovingly.

"Farewell, my child," he said, adding something else, the purport of which I could not catch.

The Maddalena shook her head impatiently, as though the convicted forger's touch was pollution. The spectators were agreed that she had sold him, and would shortly receive the

blood-money in Austrian florins. And then the soldiers encompassed him, and he was led away across the Bridge of Sighs, and the iron door closed upon him for ever.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Marriage of the Daughter of the Viceroy of Egypt.

The eldest daughter of the Viceroy of Egypt was recently married to Mansour Fasha, according to the Mohammedan customs. The festivities lasted three days and three nights, the evening being devoted to grand banquets to the Government officials, the principal European ladies of Egypt, the immediate friends of the Viceroy, and the representatives of foreign nations. The after-dinner proceedings seem to have been very attractive. Besides the circus, and other exhibitions of skill and daring, a theatrical troupe had been ordered to the Salamek of the Harem, when the native princesses and their European guests watched from their trellis-worked galleries the performances below. On Thursday, March 31, a long and brilliant procession of the favorite guests was formed, and visited the bridegroom to tender him their congratulations. The eyes of the visitors were fairly dazzled as they beheld the spacious courtyard of the palace, draped with rich-colored silks, cashmeres, and variegated cloths, splendidly illuminated, and full of Arabs in their gay dress. On the following evening the Viceroy gave a grand ball at Geyreh Palace, in honor of the marriage, opening the entertainment in person.

Paris Workmen Waiting for Hire.

Ever since its construction the vast Place of the Hotel de Ville has been appropriated by the workmen belonging to the building trades as a rendezvous while waiting for employment. In spite of the extensive building operations that are being carried forward in Paris from one end of the city to the other, the number who daily resort there is enormous; on some mornings as many as 3,000 men are assembled. The roads are kept clear for ordinary traffic, and quarrels are of rare occurrence.

Columbia Market, Bethnal Green, London.

Columbia Market, at Bethnal Green, erected at the expense of Miss Burdett-Coutts, was opened for business on Wednesday, April 27. The beneficent objects Miss Coutts had in view in establishing the market are to supply the surrounding poor with wholesome food at a fair rate; to bring the producer and consumer into closer communication with each other; and to promote habits of industry and thrift among the humblest class of traders. The Duchess of Cambridge and other members of the royal family, with many of the aristocracy and clergy, and the local authorities, took part in the opening ceremonies. The market covers a space of two acres, near Shoreditch church, to the east of Hackney road, and is the most complete building of its kind ever constructed.

Bicycle Tournament at Liverpool, England.

The velocipede has become a decided favorite with the young men of Liverpool, and the series of tournaments lately held at the gymnasium attracted a very large and appreciative audience. The exercises embraced tilting at the ring, throwing the javelin, fencing with swords, and sundry manoeuvres described as fancy riding. Ten tilts were allowed at a ring, the winner being the competitor who took off the greatest number. The rings were suspended from a beam. In all the trials great skill was displayed, the gentlemen exhibiting perfect mastery of the bicycle, guiding it with the left hand.

The Miners' Strike at Seraing, Belgium.

Manufacturers and other employers of Belgium have been of late very much distracted by trade disputes and strikes. In that country a refusal on the part of the employees to work without certain privileges being guaranteed by the employers, is usually attended by acts of violence; in fact, a strike means a riot, and a riot means bloodshed. This has been exemplified at Seraing, where the strikers recently destroyed the works of a colliery, and a collision took place between them and the military. At the railroad station the most sanguinary encounter occurred, resulting in the dispersion of the rioters, with a loss of seven killed, and a large number wounded.

Diggers for Spring Creek Starting from Sandhurst, Australia.

A new gold mine was recently discovered in the vicinity of Spring Creek, Australia, and the rush of miners was so great that a town of 15,000 inhabitants was created within a few weeks. The workings are situated about sixteen miles from Heathcote, and thirty-one from Kilmore. They are at present almost exclusively confined to one continuous lead, which lies partly in the main valley of Spring Creek, and partly in a tributary valley of Compton's Creek. The first nugget produced a mass of gold over two hundred pounds in weight, and worth £10,000. Our illustration represents the coach starting from Sandhurst for Spring Creek, with a crowd of diggers.

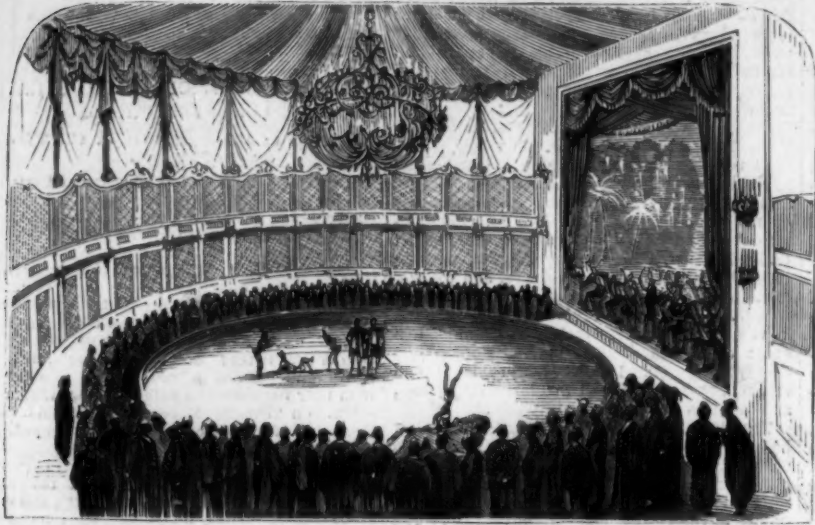
The Zigzag of the Otrra, New Zealand.

The descent of the Otrra Gorge toward the north-west, on the overland route between Christ Church and Hokitika, furnishes a faithful representation of the Alpine character of the scenery of New Zealand. Wild and inhospitable as these regions were to the hardy diggers who first attempted to cross them from the Dunstan to the golden shores of Westland, the present generation will yet see them resorted to as the sanatorium of the southern lands, where a cool and invigorating summer will restore the system, exhausted by the toil of the dusty Australian cities.

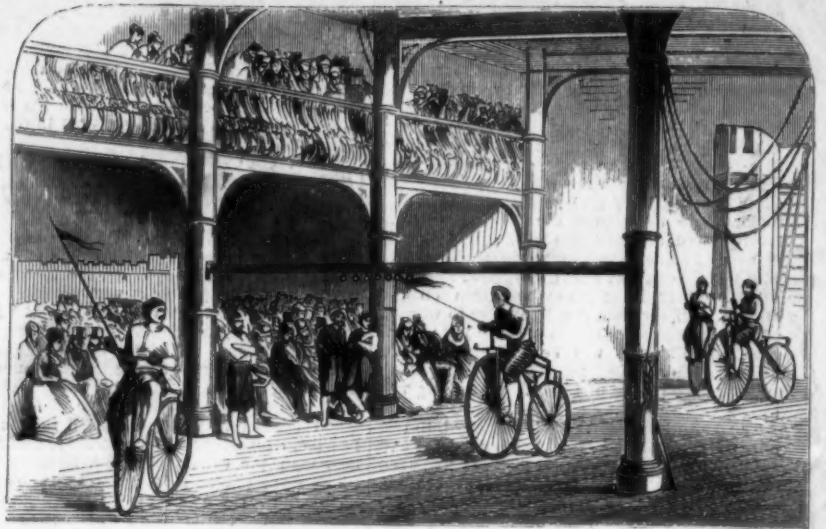
The London Athenæum, speaking of James Russell Lowell's new volume of poems, entitled "Under the Willows, etc."

"Here is a volume of true poetry. Some of the poems are descriptive, and some are ballads; some are entitled 'Poems of the War,' and these we prefer to all the others. They go to the heart like a strain of grand music, or like the most thrilling of all human sounds, the voice of a multitude raised in song. These poems differ from well-made verses which may be credited to their writer in words of pleasant compliment, for in reading this small volume we forget all about the author, and only seize upon the poems as upon a heritage which belongs to us. There are verses which by their fire celestial seem able to burn out all base desires and fears, and to make men wish only to be noble, to fear only to be base. One practical effect of the 'Poems of the War' will be to make the reader love America better than most people could have believed possible."

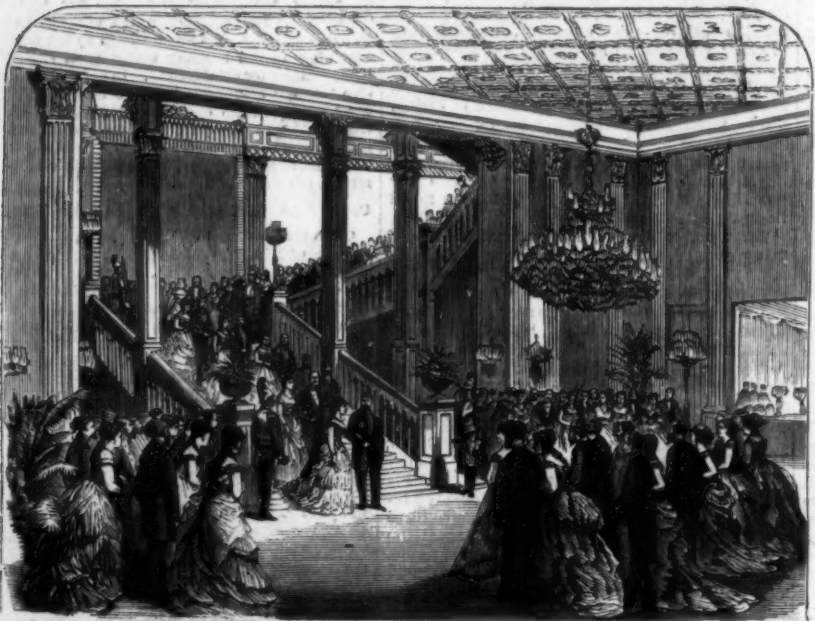
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 179.



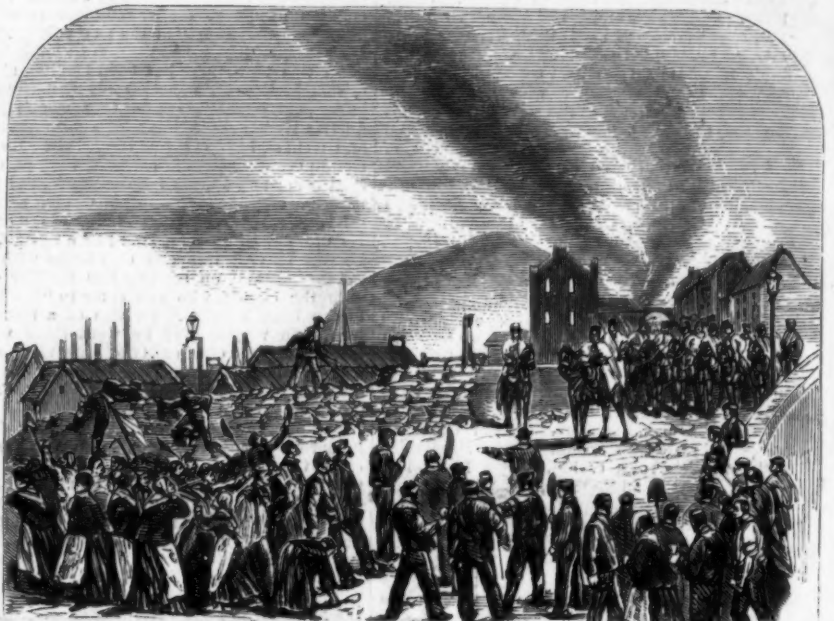
EGYPT—FETES AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE VICEROY'S DAUGHTER—PERFORMANCE FOR THE WOMEN OF THE HAREM, AT THE THEATRE OF KASS-EL-AALI.



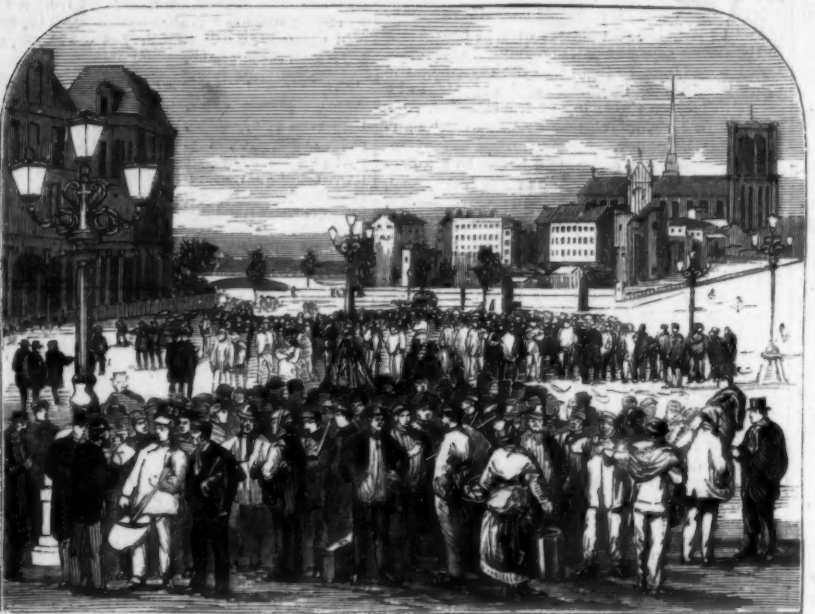
ENGLAND—BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT LIVERPOOL.



EGYPT—MARRIAGE OF THE VICEROY'S DAUGHTER—THE BALL AT THE PALACE OF GASTREH—THE VICEROY ESCORTING MME. DE LESSEPS TO SUPPER.



BELGIUM—THE MINERS' RIOT AT SERAING—THE TROOPS SUMMONING THE RIOTERS TO SURRENDER.



FRANCE—WORKMEN WAITING TO BE ENGAGED, IN THE PLACE OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.



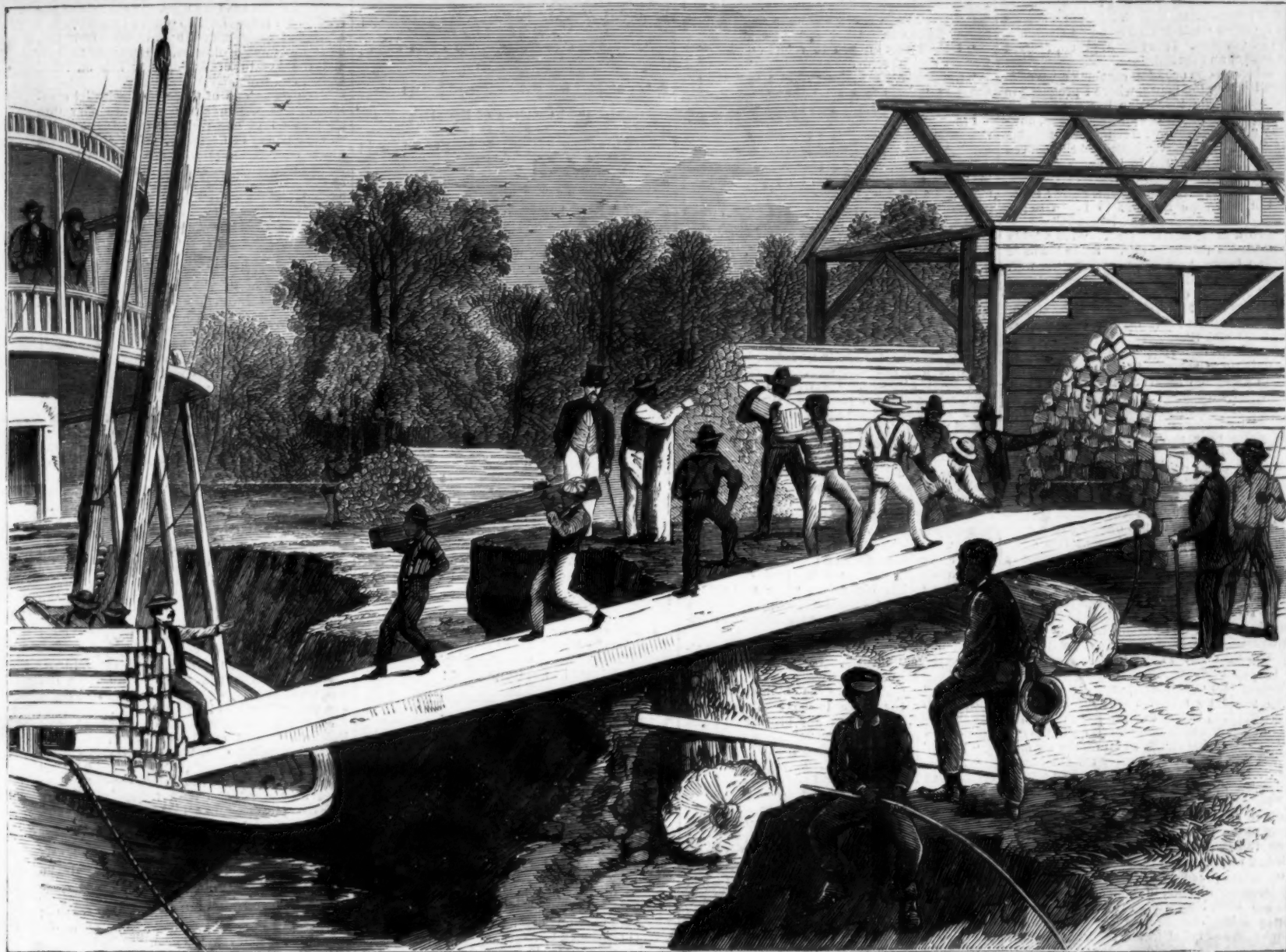
AUSTRALIA—DIGGERS FOR SPRING CREEK STARTING FROM SANDHURST.



ENGLAND—COLUMBIA MARKET, BETHNAL GREEN, BUILT BY MISS BURDETT COUTTS.



NEW ZEALAND—THE KIOEAG OF THE OTIRA—NORTH WEST SIDE OF THE GORGE.



SHIPPING TIES FOR THE UNION PACIFIC RAIL ROAD, AT WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 187.

Incidents of Travel in Texas, Since the War.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL," "ROMANCE OF STUDENT LIFE," "CUBA AND THE CUBANS," ETC.

IX.

It was a little hazardous to plunge straight into the unknown wilderness, with no other guide than the sound of a rifle shot, but I never thought of any difficulty, in my eagerness to see what was going on. I pursued the same course our company had taken when they set out from our bivouac, and ran on for at least half a mile before stopping at all. Then I paused, and reflected for the first time that I was on a very uncertain errand. The forest, by aid of the straggling moonbeams, displayed the most grotesque forms in every direction. Here, I could see two or three savage Indians in their war paint, stealthily watching me from behind an immense cottonwood tree; there, were forms of border ruffians, partly hid by a chapparel, while a panther, extended along a fallen trunk, was crouching, ready to spring at me.

I was recalled from these fancy images by sounds of human voices in the distance. I listened. There was no mistake about it. Pres-

ently I heard a laugh, which I knew to be Frank's, and, satisfied I had found my party, I pushed on to meet them.

They were quite astonished at seeing me.

"What did you shoot?" was my first exclamation.

All but Jim laughed, but they made no reply.

"What did you get?"

"Ask Jim," said one of the frontier men.

Jim, thus appealed to, had to "own up." In brief, after visiting the place beyond the gully, and finding no turkeys there, the party were retracing their steps, when he espied a solitary fellow very high up, but in plain view, nevertheless. It was a happy discovery, serving in a trifling degree to redeem his credit with me, to whom he had made such stout assertions and so many promises. He fired forthwith. Down tumbled the turkey, greatly to Jim's satisfaction. But, alas! for the vanity of human calculations! Turkey it was, indeed, but with a horrible appendage—it was a turkey-buzzard!

You can only imagine Jim's consternation and disgust by understanding that this bird, throughout the Southern States, and especially in Texas, enjoys full immunity from the attempts of sportsmen—indeed from all who carry gun or revolver, great and small. Their services are too valuable as scavengers to permit any attack on them. Hideous and revolting as their occupation is, it is too useful not to be protected, so that they not only hover and sloop about scot free, but it is considered a most unlucky piece of work if by chance you should happen to kill one.

Such a misfortune never before had attended Jim. Add to this the laughter and jeers of his companions, which he could neither silence nor reply to, and you cannot wonder he was discomfited. He seemed to feel something like the Ancient Mariner after he had shot the albatross. He did not, it is true, descend on the act so poetically as Coleridge's sailor:

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe,
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!"

But he swore roundly that there was no more luck for him the rest of the season, "that ever he should live to kill a buzzard!"

"Bury the bird—bury him, Jim," said the frontier man, "and then 'tain't any bad luck at all, that is, when it's an accident. Lew Shakesford told me that, and Lew is an oldun. Take him along with you, and put

him where his comrades can't get hold of him. It will be all right then."

"D—n him," cried Jim, in a rage. "I more than half suspected 'twas no turkey up so high."

"What the d—d did you suppose it was, then?" said the other.

"Why, a turkey, to be sure. I mean, I did not stop to think about it, I was so d—d mad."

"Well, go back and get the critter, so that the rest won't find him."

"Get him yourself if you want to," cried Jim.

"I'll see all the buzzards in Texas in —"

"Hold up there," said the second man.

"There is no use blaspheming them birds."

"Perhaps Mr. Ferris would like to see one close by," chimed in Frank, who was enjoying the scene immensely, and who would occasionally burst into a fit of laughter. He evidently did not share fully in Jim's superstitions.

"No, thank you, Frank," I said, "I have been quite near enough to those gentlemen, and have no desire for a closer acquaintance. They would scarcely get out of the way for me when I came up the country."

"That was when they were waiting for their tea-party," said the oldest frontier man, who had taken but little part in the conversation.

"Tea-party?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, they have them regular. You go along where a steer has got cast or give out. By-and-by you will see a buzzard light close to; then he will hop down by the animal, clap one leg under him, and stand on t'other, waiting for another buzzard to come, and then another, and they all wait together till the "tea-party" is full. Then they proceed to business."

Frank gave me a sign as much as to say he did not believe a word of it.

"Very extraordinary," I remarked.

"Not at all," said my companion. "I have seen it done a hundred times on the prairie. They make a family matter of it."

"Well, I am going home," growled Jim, who was not all interested in the conversation, and the buzzards be —"

"You are talking foolish, I tell you."

Jim had taken up the line of march, and I doubt if he heard the expostulation.

We all filed in. The moon was no longer visible, but daylight was. Pushing on rapidly, we reached the ford and crossed it, and in half an hour, arrived at Miller's, just in time for breakfast. We were rather a sheepish-looking company, but poor Jim, as before, came in for the principal share of the ridicule. In fact, it was a long while before he got over the effect of that night's exploit. The story of the "turkey-hunt" got out, and there was no end of the jokes and jeers he was obliged to submit to. Jim at last lost his temper, and it became a little dangerous to poke fun at him.

I spent most of the day working in Miller's garden. A good many things had been neglected in the eagerness to get in the main crop. It made it seem quite like my old New

England home to be hoeing the vines, weeding the rows of beets, carrots, and onions, and transplanting cabbage plants. It is amazing to a Northerner to witness the growth of vegetables here. The vine family flourish marvelously, and I could tell stories of their productiveness which would almost rival accounts of California.

After reading this statement, the reader will be surprised when I remark that in traveling through Northern Texas, in the height of the producing season, you will not find a vegetable in one place out of ten where you stop for rest and refreshment. Not even the sweet potato, which is so easily cultivated. As for the beans, peas, squash, etc., they are still rarer to be met with. I put this down, not as many do, to the indolence of the inhabitants, but to the long habit (superinduced in the first instance by necessity) of living on hog and hominy, so that no real want is felt for anything else. This state of things is rapidly changing, however, and in Bosque county can be seen, as I have intimated, many fine and extensive vegetable gardens, nurseries, and graperies. Example is stimulating, and its effect can be witnessed here almost daily.

While on the subject of food, I will observe that the traveler never encounters what is met constantly in the North everywhere—that is, adulterated coffee. Coffee is the Texan's boy-



REV. RUFUS ELLIS, BOSTON, MASS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIFFLE.—SEE PAGE 183.



FIRST CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.—REV. RUFUS ELLIS, PASTOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIFFLE.—SEE PAGE 183.

erage. It is invariably served three times a day. Very frequently you will not find milk to put in it; sometimes, though rarely, no sugar; but the coffee itself is sure to be on the table, and to be genuine. It is bought green, roasted in the house, and served pure.

I recollect on one occasion teaching a poverty-stricken looking log-house, where I proposed to take dinner. The invariable bacon and corn-dodger were produced, the former flanked, however, by an abundance of fresh eggs admirably fried. The woman of the house, as she poured out my coffee, appeared to be much annoyed. At last she said:

"I have got to give you *federate coffee*; I told Jerry the last time he went to Bryan to get coffee, and he came away and forgot it."

"That's a fact," said the man. "It's mighty mean business drinking this. Some we have had in the house, I reckon, ever since the war. Best we could get then."

This "*federate coffee*," let me remark, was fully equal to the stuff offered to the traveler at our railway stations, and in our second class hotels, but which the poorest Texan won't touch if he can help it. Indeed we might say the same, only there appears to be no help for us except to swallow whatever decoction is made ready for our use.

The following day was Sunday, and I prepared to accompany Miller and his wife to "meeting." As we came near the village I could see the people riding in from different quarters, nearly all on horseback, an occasional buggy, like Case's, giving variety to the scene. Passing the store, to my surprise I perceived that it was open; further, I thought I could hear sounds such as are produced by the opening of a case of goods. I was much shocked at this open disrespect for the Sabbath Day, and was about to speak of it, when Miller requested me to dismount and tie the Florida near the store, saying he would join me as soon as he had helped his wife off. I did so, and then I stepped inside of the building, for I was curious to know if the man was really at work. I had got pretty well acquainted with Mr. Younglove—that was the name of the storekeeper—and thought him a very worthy and exemplary person.

I had made no mistake. There he stood, hatchet in hand, trying to force the top from a pretty large box which was placed on the floor. He did not relax his efforts at all on seeing me, but plied the hatchet vigorously till the board flew off.

"Whoever did that meant to make thorough work," he said, smiling at me, at the same time asking how I was. "The fact is," he continued, "I thought we should have to disappoint the children to-day; but Enos got in about twelve o'clock last night, and here they are."

With that he proceeded to take out a quantity of Sunday-school books, making quite a library, which had been long waited for, and only now had come to hand.

I felt a decided relief at this explanation, and was still more gratified to find that Mr. Younglove was superintendent of the school.

"How many scholars are there?" I asked.

"Over fifty," was the reply.

"Certainly not from the village?"

"Oh, no; they come from ten miles round, at least."

Miller now came in, and after a little further conversation we went over to the schoolhouse, where the meeting was held. The people continued to arrive, some of the women riding on pillions behind the men, after the fashion of our forefathers, but which I had never witnessed before.

There was a little belfry on the schoolhouse in which a small bell was hung, and its tones, as they floated on the air, sounded very sweet to me. After all that I had witnessed of their rude life, the touch of barbarous habit in the use of knife and revolver, and the rapid dealing with horse-thieves, there was the humanizing side. These very men were coming in to hear the preacher, and all listened attentively.

The minister was a man past sixty, tall and thin, with a kind, patriarchal expression. After his prayer, he proceeded to "line out" a hymn, he himself setting the tune and taking the lead in a voice which had once been a fine one, but which was now a little cracked. Most of the congregation joined in the singing.

His discourse was more an exhortation than a sermon, a great portion being made up by quotations from the Scriptures. His text was: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"For my yoke is easy and my burden light." I declare sincerely, that when the old man was enlarging on these words of our Saviour, I felt a sense of relief steal over me such as I never before experienced. It was curious to watch the countenances of some of the rough fellows of the neighborhood. They appeared to come to meeting with the same zest that they undertook matters secular, not to say profane. They listened, and no doubt were comforted, but I imagine if some hardy wretch had ventured to make free with any of the horses tied near by, it would have been a short shift and a long journey for him, even on the Lord's Day. But is it not quite the same with those who attend our fine churches in New York? And as to the clergy, why I compare the honest exhortations of this humble Methodist preacher with the mummeries and jargon, the dumb shows and genuflections of St. Albans. To which should be applied the condemnation, "Ye pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith."

After the congregation broke up I was introduced to a good many whom I had not met before. The fair sex came in for a large share of my attention. I cannot tell how it was, but the report had already got about that I was to settle in the neighborhood; some even had heard that I had purchased the "Englishman's place."

One comfortable-looking old lady asked me if

I was married, and on my answering in the negative, she said that wouldn't do. I would find I could not live in Texas without a wife, and the sooner I got one the better.

"I shall rely on you to select one for me," was my gallant reply.

"Oh, you can't fool us that way," she answered; "there is a nice young lady waiting for you in New York, I'll be bound."

I glanced around, and found that several marriageable young women were standing within earshot, their eyes cast demurely on the ground.

"Why should you say that, when there are so many attractions here?" I replied, raising my voice a little for the benefit of my audience; some of whom began to blush and giggle, while others attempted to look indifferent.

Further conversation was suspended by the appearance of my friend Case walking along with the minister, and who beckoned me to come to him. "I want to introduce you," he whispered, "to the parson. Mr. W.—, this is my New York friend, Mr. Ferris, who has come to live among us."

We soon got in conversation, and Case left us to carry it on. He had to go home, he said, as his wife was not very well. The old minister was from Alabama. He was an uneducated man, with a store of plain good sense, accumulated during his long life of circuit preaching, which he had followed forty years. He seemed thoroughly to comprehend the condition of society and the wants and necessities of the community. He was born and raised in a slave State, and never had set foot in any other. The subject of "the negro" was soon broached by him, and I saw he had peculiar notions. It was very curious to witness the influence of the ideas with which his very infancy had been imbued, and which had been constantly presented to him during all his life. How could it be otherwise? Yet his moral sense and conscientiousness had modified these notions into a theory which was now impracticable and ridiculous.

"Your folks made a great mistake emancipating the slaves," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. The blacks are the children of Ham, born under the curse to be bondsmen and bondswomen. The Lord has ordained it, and no one can gainsay His word."

"But they are nevertheless free," I said.

"They will not remain so. Slavery will be established in due time, and after the South has been chastised for their sins."

"What are their sins?"

"Cruel treatment of their bondsmen—cruel treatment," repeated the minister, solemnly, "which cried aloud to God for vengeance. That is why He permitted the South to be scourged, and her pleasant places to be laid waste. I warned them, but my voice was not heeded, and the day has come."

"Yet you think the blacks are made to be slaves?"

"Surely. Hath not the Lord spoken it when the curse went forth against the children of Ham? But that gave the masters no right to oppress them. They should have cared for them kindly, for they were weak and defenseless, and not capable of taking care of themselves."

"And you really believe that slavery will be re-established?"

"As in the days of the patriarchs," replied Mr. W.—, firmly. "But this cannot be till the South has acknowledged the chastisement from the Lord, and repented of their sins."

I was tempted to make some reply which would have provoked an argument, but thought better of it. With a person conscientiously entrenched behind Scripture it would have been worse than useless. I gave the conversation, however, verbatim, because it struck me as very singular. Everybody with whom I conversed seemed to understand the parson's views, and considered them a part of a worn-out and exploded theory. But he lost none of his influence in maintaining them. Doubtless it still soothed the minds of many to hear the man of God make such an announcement, while others were too well convinced of his genuine Christian character, not to be indulgent toward his peculiar notions about the "children of Ham."

The meeting had broken up. The equestrians had dispersed, and the Methodist minister, after a slight repast, was on his way to his afternoon congregation eighteen miles distant.

APHORISMS OF SOME REMARKS ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA. In a late number of this paper, we copy the following passage from a letter of a London correspondent:

"You have, I see, an article on hydrophobia. There are one or two facts about it which may interest you. It lies latent a long time in a dog; one apparently sound may be sickening for months. Some years ago the disease broke out in Lord Fitzwilliam's park. After the first dog went mad, the whole set were carefully detailed off in the park in separate kennels, and a strict quarantine enforced. All the dogs went mad one after another, the last, seventeen months after the appearance of the malady. This is not inspiring for those bitten. Fortunately, few mortals suffer from the rabid dogs. If bitten through the clothes the dog's tooth is cleared of the saliva, and no harm ensues; and of those bitten on the open hand or face by a dog certainly insane, very few imbibe the venom. The danger is the effect on the mind of the patient, and bitten persons have been known to die with the dog quite in its senses in the very room."

"Some years ago the popular cure here was to take the patient to Gravesend, and plunge him in the river till all but drowned. As this quackery was useless, the treatment remains in the hands of the medicals, who can do little or nothing. The well-authenticated cures are fortunately rare and historic, and may be counted on the tips of the fingers."

"One statement here is that no female dogs ever go mad, nor do those who roam uncontrolled in Eastern cities."

"The madness is owing to the effects of civilization and isolation of the animal affecting his physical and moral nature, for the poor creature has such blighted affections and disappointed love."

MAUD.

BEAUTIFUL MAUD! Beautiful Maud!
Eyes of azure and teeth of pearl,
Hands white as sea-sails the winds unfurl,
Brow arching queenly,
Head poised serenely,
But, oh! with a heart so full of fraud!

Beautiful Maud! Creature of light!
Hair of amber, and dainty feet,
Lips dropping sweetness whenever we meet;
Ornate with blessings,
Rich with caressings,
Sweet gleaming star of my earthly night.

Beautiful Maud! Queen of my heart!
Soul so peerless and heart so pure,
Love thee I must! Oh! if I were sure
Thou wert not fooling me,
So thou art ruling me,
Soon of myself I would make thee a part.

Beautiful Maud! Delicate sprite!
Heart so wayward, yet full of love,
Tender and mild as the soft-voiced dove;
Eyes downward drooping—
Gracefully stooping—
Hand on my shoulder as white as light.

Beautiful Maud! Fairy-like Maud!
Voice so tuneful and step so gay,
Stealing ever my heart away;
Ever bewitching,
Never enriching,
Beautiful Maud! Beautiful Maud!

Beautiful Maud! Pearl of dew!
Blessing and bane of the life I live,
Telling my heart you have none to give,
E'en now your smiling,
My heart beguiling—
Alas! that you cannot be, will not be true.

Beautiful Maud! Treacherous Maud!
Eyes of azure and teeth of pearl,
Hands white as sea-sails the winds unfurl,
Would that I knew thee,
How would I woo thee,
Beautiful Maud! Beautiful fraud!

THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

XXXVIII.—THE TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

THREE days had elapsed since the events which we have just recorded. The first paroxysms of grief had abated in the two houses where death had been at work. They still wept, but they no longer sobbed.

Karl continued to improve. For two days he had been sitting up in bed, and had been able to give evidence of consciousness, not merely by broken words and tender exclamations, but by taking part in the conversation. His brain, which had been prostrated like the rest of his body, regained, little by little, the power which it wields when in a healthy condition.

Helene, who saw Karl thus born again, as it were—Helene, who was at that age when youth walks hand in hand with love and hope—Helene rejoiced at this visible return to life as if she had received a promise from heaven that no accident should mar this precarious convalescence.

Twice a day the surgeon came to visit the wounded man, but, though he did not discourage Helene's hopes, he said nothing to make her feel entirely secure. Karl noticed his mistress's hopefulness, but, at the same time, he remarked the reserve with which the surgeon listened to all Helene's projects for the future.

He also formed his projects, but they were sadder ones.

"Helene," he said to her, "I know all you have done for me. Benedict has told me of your tears, your despair, your fatigues. I love you, Helene, with so selfish a love, that I would like, before I die—And, as Helene started, he added: "If I am to die, I would like to be able to call you my wife first, so that, if—as they tell us, and as our pride induces us to think—there exists a world beyond ours, I may claim you as my wife in that world as in this. Promise me then, my gentle nurse, that in case one of those accidents, which so preoccupy the doctor that he will not give you positive assurance, should happen to me, promise me to send at once for a priest, and, putting your hand in mine, to say to him, 'Bless us, my father; Karl de Freyberg is my husband.' And I swear to you, Helene, that my death will then be as calm and as sweet, as it would be hopeless if I could not say to you, 'Adieu, my well-beloved wife.'"

Helene listened to all these projects with the smile of hope on her lips; always near Karl, it was she who answered all his words, whether sad or gay.

From time to time, when she saw that her patient was fatigued, she signed him to be silent, and, taking from her girlish library a volume of Uhland, or Goethe, or Schiller, she read to him until, lulled to rest by her voice, melodious as the rippling of a brook, Karl closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Every one who has traveled in Germany has remarked how much more those fair-haired young girls, the Margarets, and Charlottes, and Amelias, are inclined to that melancholy poetry which seems to have its source in England, than the young girls of France, who are gay, spirituelle, madcap, but, as a general rule, not poetic. Shakespeare has said that England is a nest of swans, in the centre of a vast pond; we might say of the charming little cities of Germany, that they are nests of doves in clumps of shrubbery.

Look in France for the counterparts of Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona, Cornelia, and you will not

find them. Look for them in Germany, and you will meet, at every step, the shadow of the creations of the English poet; only they are somewhat materialized, and, instead of living, on the perfume of flowers, the evening zephyr, and the breath of dawn, they live on milk, honey, and fruits.

Helene was one of those semi-celestial creatures. She was a sister of those charming phantoms that one meets at every page in the popular poetry of Germany. We highly esteem those poet-dreamers who see Lorelys in the vapors of the Rhine, and Mignons in the depths of the foliage, but their merit is not so great in having discovered these charming creations, which are not the dreams of their own genius, but copies from real models which the foggy climate of England and Germany poses before them, sometimes weeping, sometimes smiling, but always poetic.

And observe that there is no need, on the banks of the Rhine, the Main, or the Danube, to look for these types, which, if not unknown, are at least rare with us, among the aristocracy, where blood preserves beauty, and education trains the mind; but they may be found at the citizen's window or the peasant's door, where Schiller met Louise, and Goethe, Margaret.

And so Helene performed all those actions which seem to us the very acme of devotion, with perfect simplicity, and entire ignorance that she merited, by this amiable work, the esteem of men, and even the approbation of God.

On those nights when Helene watched alone, Benedict slept in Frederick's room, or, rather, laid down on the bed in his clothes, so as to be ready at a moment's notice to run to Helene's assistance, or to go for the surgeon. We have said that a carriage was kept constantly at the door, ready for use, and, strange to say, the more Karl's convalescence progressed, the more earnestly did the doctor insist on their observance of this precaution.

The 30th of July had come. Benedict, after having sat up part of the night with Karl, had given up his place to Helene, and, returning to Frederick's room, had thrown himself on the bed, when suddenly it seemed to him that some one was calling him loudly by name.

At the same instant his door opened, and Helene appeared on the threshold, pale, disheveled, covered with blood, striving to utter some inarticulate sounds, which meant "Help."

Benedict divined what had happened. Less reserved toward him than toward the young girl, the physician had told him his fears, and it was evident that these fears had been realized.

Benedict rushed into Karl's chamber. The ligature of the artery, which is termed the eschar, had broken, and the blood was flowing in jets. Karl had fainted.

Benedict, without losing a moment, twisted his handkerchief into a rope, and tied it round the upper part of Karl's arm. Then breaking out the *baton* of a chair with his foot, he passed it between the wounded man's arm and the handkerchief, and, twisting the stick round, he made of it what is called in medical language a tourniquet. The blood stopped flowing immediately.

Helene had thrown herself upon the bed in dismay; she seemed distracted, and did not hear Benedict, who kept shouting, "The doctor! the doctor!"

With his disengaged hand, for he was obliged to keep the other on Karl's arm, Benedict rang the bell so violently that Hans, guessing that something extraordinary was happening, ran up out of breath.

"Take the carriage and go for the doctor," exclaimed Benedict.

Hans understood it all, for he had seen everything at a glance. He rushed down-stairs, leaping into the carriage, shouting in his turn, "To the doctor's!"

As it was scarcely six o'clock in the morning, the doctor was at home.

Ten minutes afterward he entered the room. Seeing the blood streaming over the floor, seeing Helene half fainting, and seeing Benedict compressing the wounded man's arm, he understood what had happened, all the more readily because it was what he had feared.

"Ah!" he cried, "that is what I have foreseen. A secondary hemorrhage; the eschar has broken."

Helene rose up at the sound of his voice. She threw her arms around his neck, and cried to him appealingly, "He will not die! he will not die! You will not let him die, will you?"

The doctor disengaged himself from Helene and approached the bed. Karl was far from having lost as much blood as the first time; but, to judge by the stream which ran across the room, he must have lost more than two pounds, which was more than he could afford to lose in his weak condition. However, the doctor did not lose courage. The arm remained bare, and he made a fresh incision in it in order to feel, with his pincers, for the artery, which, fortunately, compressed by Benedict, had shrunk only a few centimetres.

The artery was tied in a second, but the wounded man had fainted away dead. Helene, who had watched the first operation with anxiety, watched this one with terror. On the former occasion, she had found Karl speechless, motionless, cold, and with every appearance of death; but she had not seen him pass from life to death, as he had just done. His lips were white, his eyes closed, his cheeks the color of wax. It was evident that even on the former occasion Karl had not penetrated so far within the tomb.

Helene wrung her arms. "Oh! his wish! his wish!" she gasped; "he will not have the pleasure of seeing it realized. 'Mon Dieu,' she said to the doctor, 'will he not reopen his eyes? Will he not speak before he dies! My God! you are my witness that I no longer ask that he may live; it would require a miracle of your mercy for that. But, doctor! doctor! make him open his eyes, make him speak to me! Bring him back to conscious-

ness, that we may be separated.

The doctor could not such grief, this time, had done that he could assure Helene which doctor emerged.

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ness, that a priest may join our hands, and that we may be united in this world, so as not to be separated above."

The doctor, despite his habitual impassibility, could not remain unmoved in the presence of such grief. Although he saw clearly that, this time, the blow was mortal, although he had done all that science could do, and felt that he could do no more, he endeavored to reassure Helene by those commonplace replies which doctors keep in reserve for extreme emergencies.

Just then Benedict approached him, and taking him by the hand: "Doctor," he said, "you hear what this sainted creature asks of you; she does not ask of you her lover's life—she only asks a momentary resurrection, time for a priest to pronounce a few words, and slip a ring on her finger."

"Oh! yes, yes," cried Helene, "that is all I ask. Insensate that I was, not to have acceded to his request, while he was alive and could speak to me, and sent for the man of God to unite us forever! Oh, doctor, let him open his eyes and say, 'yes!' That is all I ask of you; for then his wish will be accomplished, and I will be able to keep the promise I made him."

"Doctor," said Benedict in a whisper, pressing the hand which he still continued to hold—"doctor, let us ask of Science the miracle which God refuses us; let us attempt the transfusion of blood!"

"What is that?" asked Helene.

The doctor reflected a moment. Then, looking at the sick man, he said: "Everything is lost. We risk nothing."

"I asked you," said Helene, "what is transfusion of blood?"

"It is," said the doctor, "to inject into the exhausted veins of the sick man enough warm and living blood to restore him, though but for a moment, to life, and speech, and consciousness."

"And this operation?" said Helene.

"It will be the first time I perform it," said the doctor; "but I have seen it done two or three times in the hospitals."

"And I also," said Benedict. "Being a lover of the supernatural, I followed Magendie's course, and I have always seen the experiment succeed when they infused into the veins of an animal the blood of another of the same species."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "I will go in search of some man who will sell us one or two pounds of his blood."

"Doctor," said Benedict, throwing off his coat, "I do not sell my blood to my friends; I give it to them. The man is found!"

But, at these words, Helene uttered a cry, thrust herself forcibly between Benedict and the doctor, and, holding out her naked arm to the surgeon, said, with a lofty expression: "You have done enough for him, monsieur, already; if human blood is to pass into the veins of my well-beloved Karl from the veins of some other human being, I must be that other; it is my right."

Benedict fell on his knees before this heroine of love and devotion, seized the hem of her robe and kissed it.

The doctor, less easily impressed, contented himself with saying: "Very well, we will make the attempt. Give the wounded man a spoonful of cordial to drink; I will go home and get my apparatus."

Shall we Go to the Seashore for the Season?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M. D.

No. 4.

CHANGE is what everybody needs. The same mill-horse life, no matter if the round is a healthy one, is wearisome to both mind and body. Nature wants a start, but we New Yorkers don't get it by going to Long Branch, Islip, and Newport. We are breathing the same air that at those fashionable watering-places seems to be only breathed by the gulls. Shall we go there this summer and be gulled? Shall we be squeezed into those little rooms that are lilliputian before we put into them our trunks, and bags, and boxes, and sticks, and umbrellas, and the numberless *et ceteras* of an attempt at comfortable life? Shall we rush three times a day into that immense, hot, steamy, flye dining-room, and try to eat, or try to get something to eat? Is health to be obtained under such circumstances, even if life is preserved? The great good of these caravansaries is to teach mankind how to relish their own comfortable home.

But the real question is, Shall we go quietly, rationally, to the seaside, to spend the heat of the summer? Cool night-air and sea-bathing are the great things to be gained. In some cases it is unquestionably beneficial to do so. The change, as already intimated, is not a great one for a New Yorker, and if that is the desideratum, an inland sojourn will be more advisable. But for many the peculiar invigoration produced by bathing in the sea-water is very desirable. The iodine and bromine held in the sea-water, in combination with the salt, have wondrous efficacy on strumous, scrofulous, and otherwise diseased persons. These substances are absorbed by the skin and are of great benefit. But very many receive great injury from sea-bathing. Very few with any actual disease, passive congestions and sub-acute inflammations, are benefited; indeed, they are often seriously injured. Most females affected with their peculiar ills, are markedly injured, especially when thin and of spare habit. During the summer of 1865 or '66, a patient of mine laboring under dropsy, and especially self-willed, insisted upon visiting Coney Island and bathing there. She went to the island in a carriage, and was taken in it to the water's edge. She went into the water, and although she remained but a short time, was with difficulty again got into the carriage, and died before she could be

driven to the hotel. Two or three ladies during the last summer had serious congestions ensue, and one was near death with bleeding from the lungs as a result.

When cured of a disease, sea-bathing may be taken as a tonic, and is very efficacious. Especially is the benefit of sea-air, bathing, etc., seen in those coming from the country. Their improvement seems sometimes miraculous.

Regularity in bathing, every day, rain or shine, is very undesirable. The bather on a cold, raw day, such as is often seen in these localities, obtains with great difficulty, and often only after a prolonged period, that reaction and glow of the skin so necessary for health. And as a general rule, those who are unable to speedily obtain this reaction should not indulge in the sea-bathing, but rely upon sponge-bathing, with water brought from the beach, in their own apartments. Till there is sufficient vigor in the system to produce this, the bathing will be worse than useless and disagreeable, it will be decidedly injurious. Such debilitated persons should assist nature, by taking some spirituous stimulant soon after taking the bath.

The most marvelous effects of sea-air is found in teething children. The summer's intense heat, combining with the irritation from the teeth issuing from the gums, produces great emaciation, languor and bowel disturbance, with brain sympathies. As you pass over the ferries, especially the larger ones, you will meet numerous women with pinched-cheek pale-faced babies on their laps. These are teething children, with marasmus and summer complaints. When they left their hot rooms in the crowded tenement-house, they were almost inanimate, and their ghastly eyeballs rolled in their sepulchral cavities. The stimulus of the cool sea-breeze has caused their present animated look. If they had the means to get to the seashore for a fortnight or more, thousands of these lives would be saved.

If Mr. Stewart would do the very best thing he could for the suffering of New York, he would build a one or two story shed, capable of holding a thousand persons, near the beach at Rockaway, and there for a few dollars' rent let the poorer inhabitants leave New York for a month or two in the heat of summer, and take their children and cool their burning heat in the air and water of the ocean. The mortality of New York would diminish fifty per cent. in these months. And instead of filling steaming churches, let numerous speedy trains every Sunday carry these poor creatures to recognize God's power in the rolling waves of the health-bringing ocean.

Consumptives, with very rare exceptions, cannot beneficially visit the seaside. Dry mountain or inland air is what they especially need. The sea-air is too stimulating, too apt to produce congestion, characterized by a tightness of the chest, difficulty of breathing, and sometimes bleedings from the lungs. More than this, the changes of moisture and temperature are too sudden and too great, and these are terribly trying to delicate lungs. It is foolhardy for such to attempt a prolonged stay at the seaside.

It is to be noted that in the country one gets health actively, but at the seaside passively. There is little exercise usually taken at the water's edge. The pacing up and down the beach differs markedly from the climbing the hillsides. Indeed, at the European watering-places the air is the main thing sought for, and this is obtained by entering a kind of wicker-work basket-chair of exceedingly cheap construction, mounted on wheels, and then being rolled down near to the water's edge, there to remain engaged with a book, sewing or fancy work until near time for dinner. The beach, covered by hundreds of these picturesque seats, presents quite a unique picture.

The result of our investigations in these four papers may be, said to be that it is a luxury to leave the city in the summer, and not a necessity for health; that where we shall go is a matter of great deliberation, assisted by good medical advice; and, finally, that our proceedings there, as regards drinking of waters, bathing, exercise, etc., should not be undertaken by invalids without the professional advice of resident physicians fully informed of our physical condition.

THE COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

To the Associated Press.

PROMONTORY SUMMIT, Utah, May 10.—The last rail is laid! The last spike driven! The Pacific Railroad is completed!

The point of junction is 1,065 miles west of the Missouri river, and 690 miles east of Sacramento City.

LELAND STAMFORD, Central Pacific Railroad.

T. C. DURANT, Union Pacific Railroad.

JOHN DUFF, Union Pacific Railroad.

Such was the official announcement of the completion of the greatest work of the age, by which this vast continent is spanned, from ocean to ocean, by the iron path of travel and commerce.

At about noon on the 10th of May, the announcement having been made in Washington that the driving of the spikes in the last rail which would complete the line of Railroad between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans would be communicated to all the telegraph offices in the country the instant the work was done, a large crowd gathered in the main offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company to receive the welcome news. Mr. Tinker, the Manager of the office there, placed a magnetic ball in a conspicuous place, where all present could witness the performance, and connected the same with the main lines, notifying the various offices throughout the country that he was ready. New Orleans, New York and Boston instantly answered that they were ready. Soon afterward, at about 2:27 P. M., many of the offices in different parts of the country began to make all sorts of inquiries of the office at Omaha, from which point the circuit was to be started. That office replied:

"To everybody: Keep quiet. When the last spike is driven at Promontory Point we will say 'Done.'"

Don't break the circuit, but watch for the signals of the blows of the hammer."

After some little trouble in the Chicago office, and the closing of a circuit west of Buffalo, the instrument at Washington was adjusted, and at 2:27 P. M., Promontory Point, 2,400 miles west of Washington, said to the people congregated in the various telegraph offices:

"Almost ready. Hats off; prayer is being offered."

A silence for the prayer ensued. At 2:40 the bell tapped again, and the office at the Point said:

"We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented."

Chicago replied: "We understand. All are ready in the East."

Promontory Point—"All ready now; the spike will soon be driven. The signal will be three dots for the commencement of the blows."

For a moment the instrument was silent, and then the hammer of the magnet tapped the bell, *one, two, three*—the signal. Another pause of a few seconds, and the lightning came flashing eastward, vibrating over 2,400 miles, between the junction of the two roads and Washington, and the blows of the hammer upon the spike were delivered instantly, in telegraphing accents, on the bell in the capital. At 2:47 P. M. Promontory Point gave the signal, "Done!" The announcement that the continent was spanned with iron.

An event so grand in conception, so successful in execution, so fruitful of promise to the vigorous Republic whose energy and enterprise have accomplished the work, is beyond all others entitled to pictorial commemoration in the pages of this journal.

The engravings we give are the faithful reproduction of the scenes prominently associated with the completion of the road. They are strict copies of the photographs taken expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER at Promontory Point on that eventful 10th of May, and we can imagine no pictures more interesting to the civilized world.

Our correspondent at Promontory Point briefly relates as follows the incidents of the occasion, and describes the scenes we have illustrated:

After a pleasant ride of about six miles we attained a very high elevation, and, passing through a gorge of the mountains, we entered a level, circular valley, about three miles in diameter, surrounded on every side by mountains. The track is on the eastern side of the plain, and at the point of junction extends in nearly a southwest and northeast direction. Two lengths of rails are left for to-day's work. We arrived on the ground twenty minutes past eight A. M., and while we are waiting we will look about us a little. A large number of men are at work ballasting and straightening the track, also in building a Y switch. Fourteen tent houses for the sale of "Red Cloud," "Red Jacket," and "Blue Run," are about evenly distributed on each side of the track. Two engines are here. At a quarter to nine A. M. the whistle of the C. P. is heard, and soon arrives, bringing a number of passengers. On the C. P. all the timber for telegraph poles, ties, etc., is sawed, while that of the U. P. R. R. is hewed. Two additional trains arrive from the East. At a quarter to eleven the Chinese workmen commenced leveling the bed of the road with picks and shovels, preparatory to placing the ties. These Chinese are of lighter color and more regular features than the Chinese seen in the streets of New York. At a quarter past eleven the Governor's train arrived. The engine was gayly decorated with little flags and ribbons, the red, white and blue. At 12 M. the rails were laid, and the iron spikes driven. The last tie that was laid is 8 feet long, 8 inches wide, and 6 inches thick. It is of California laurel, finely polished, and is ornamented with a silver escutcheon bearing the following inscription:

"The last tie laid on the Pacific Railroad, May 10th, 1869."

Then follow the names of the Directors and Officers of the Central Pacific Company and of the presenter of the tie.

The point of contact is 1,065 4-5 miles from Omaha, leaving 690 miles for the C. P. portion of the work. The engine Jupiter, of the C. P., and engine 119, of the U. P. R. R., moved up within thirty feet of each other. A call was made for the people to fall back, in order to give all a better chance to see. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Todd of Massachusetts. The remarks of General Dodge and Governor Stanford were brief. Three cheers were given for the Government of the United States, for the railroad, for the President, for the Star Spangled Banner, for the laborers, and for those who furnished the means respectively. The four spikes—two gold and two silver—were furnished by Montana, Idaho, California and Nevada. They were about seven inches long, and a little larger than the iron spike. Dr. Harkness, of Sacramento, on presenting to Governor Stanford a spike of pure gold, delivered a short and appropriate speech. The Hon. F. A. Tuttle, of Nevada, presented Dr. Durant with a spike of silver, saying:

"To the iron of the East, and the gold of the West, Nevada adds her link of silver to span the continent and wed the oceans."

Governor Spafford, presenting another spike, said: "Ribbed in iron, clad in silver, and crowned with gold, Arizona presents her offering to the enterprise that has banded the continent and wed the oceans."

Dr. Durant stood on the north side of the tie, and Governor Stanford on the south side. At a given signal these gentlemen struck the spikes, and at the same instant the electric spark was sent through the wires East and West. The two locomotives, Jupiter and 119, or Rogers, then moved up until they touched each other, and a bottle of wine was poured as a libation on the last rail. Several ladies graced the ceremonies with their presence, and at one P. M., under an almost cloudless sky, and in the presence of about one thousand one hundred people, the completion of the greatest railroad on earth was announced.

The First Church, Berkeley Street, Boston, Rev. Rufus Ellis, Pastor.

ALL the denominations have their "first churches" in Boston, but the Unitarian society of the Rev. Dr. Ellis is especially entitled to the honor of being first in the history of Boston churches. The city seal bears the statement "Bostonia Condita, A. D. 1630." But in the carriage porch of the society's present grand church edifice on the corner of Berkeley and Marlboro streets, which edifice cost, with its furnishings and fittings, some \$275,000, is this inscription:

FIRST CHURCH.

First house of worship built in State street, A. D. 1632.

Second house, in Cornhill, A. D. 1639. Burned to ashes, A. D. 1711. Rebuilt on same site, A. D. 1712.

Fourth house, in Chauncy street, A. D. 1807.

Fifth house, on this site, A. D. 1867.

The first house stood where Brainerd's building now is, at the corner of State and Devonshire streets, and the second and third where Joy's building is located, on Washington street, opposite the head of State street, Washington street at that point being known as Cornhill in colonial days. The progress of commercial improvement drove the society from Chauncy street edifice in 1808, the last sermon there being preached May 10. For that property the society received \$137,000, and the site is now covered with lofty stores, owned by Mr. Joy, a son of the man who built the church early in this century.

The sum referred to, with other large funds, enabled the society to erect the present edifice, the costliest church in all New England. The church is of stone, with dressings of sandstone, and nearly covers a lot of 90 feet by 175 feet deep. The spire rises to a height of 165 feet, and beneath the tower is a carriage porch, through which vehicles can drive in bad weather, or to accommodate wedding parties.

The columns of the main porch on the front, and of the cloister porch on Marlboro street, have shafts of polished Aberdeen granite, which in the night-time shine like silver in the rays of the street lamps, and are visible down the street long before the outlines of the building can be distinctly seen. Both outside and inside the edifice is of unusual beauty and magnificence. The view in another part of this paper includes the spacious chapel, the end of which is on Marlboro street.

To describe the interior is a useless task. In one word, it is magnificent. Black walnut seatings and woodwork, traceried and vaulted roofs, costly memorial windows in stained glass, chandeliers in bronze and gold, and other ornamental work, unite to charm the eye. On one window appears a copy of the covenant under which the church was gathered in 1630, and which was signed by Governor Winthrop, Governor Dudley, and ninety others. In the nave the element of width has been consulted rather than of length, and its roof is 66 feet from the floor to the apex, and open-timbered, and there are no columns in nave or transept to obstruct the view. The building committee consisted of Thomas B. Wales, Samuel L. Abbot, Samuel H. Gookin, George O. Shattuck, George W. Messinger, Turner Sargent, Nathaniel Thayer, D. W. Salisbury, Edward Austin, Horace Dupee, John Collamore, and George O. Harris, all leading citizens of Boston. William H. Ware and Henry Van Brunt were the architects, and Augustus Lothrop and B. D. Whitcomb the contractors.

A fine organ, costing about \$12,000, has been shipped from Germany, by Walker, the builder of the Music Hall organ, and will be set up in the church this year.

Rev. Rufus Ellis, the pastor, is a gentleman of remarkably urbane and courteous manner, of an assuming and kindly disposition, and greatly beloved by his people. He is a native of Boston, born September 14, 1819, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1838, was settled in Northampton some years, and became pastor of this church May 4, 1853. His predecessor, Rev. N. Frothingham, occupied the pulpit for thirty-five years, up to March, 1850.

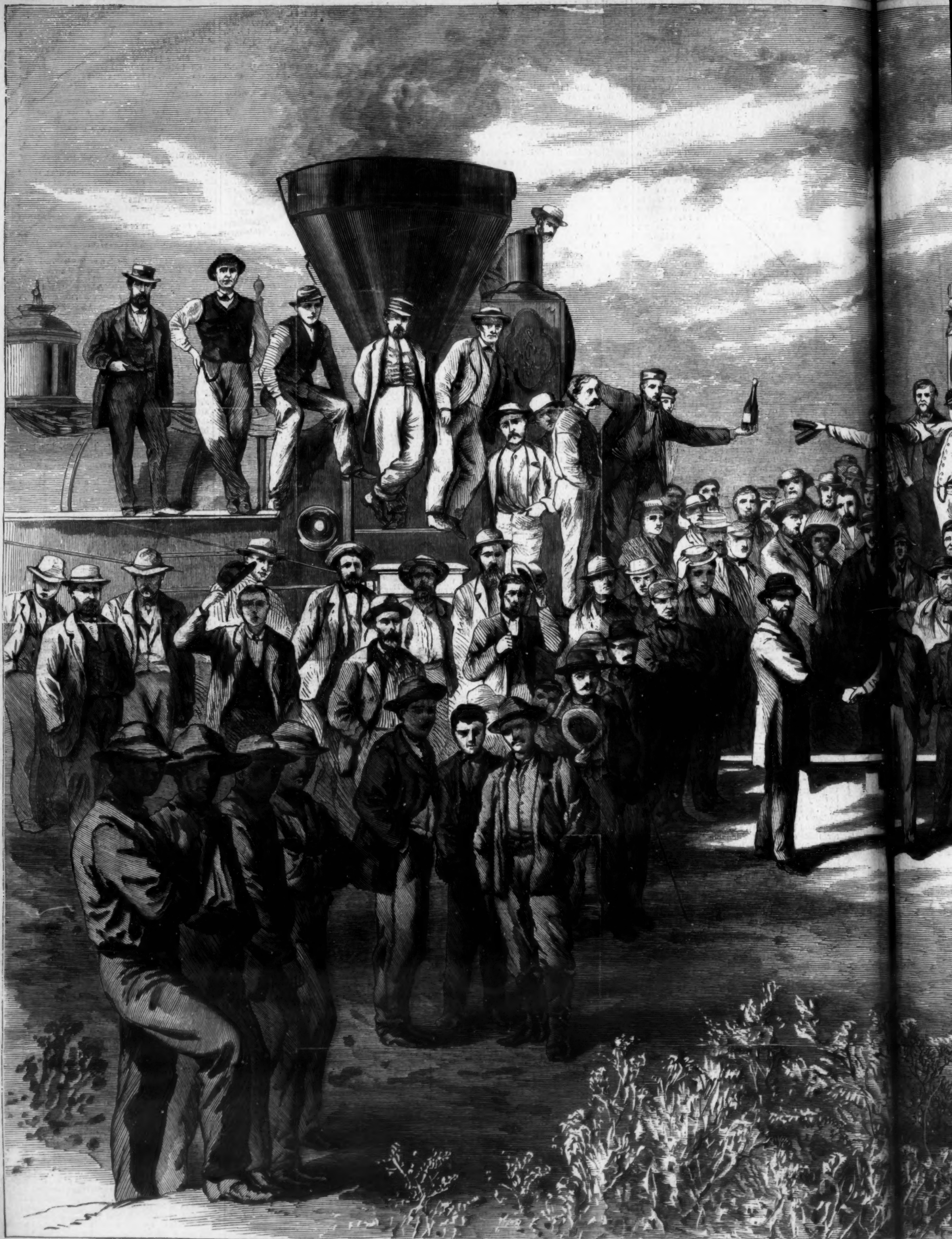
The mode of worship of the First Church is partially liturgical, and its government is Congregational. The Sabbath-school, which convenes in its chapel, includes some three hundred persons, the children of all assembling on equal terms; the gallery of the church itself, as handsomely furnished and fitted as any part of the edifice, is intended to be perpetually free to all who cannot afford, or have not the inclination to take pews below-stairs, and to strangers who do not wish to ask for seats. We commend to summer excursionists a visit to this fine edifice.

A visitor to the famous Blue Spring in Florida, says the spring, which is half a mile from St. John's river, is eighty or ninety feet across and some fathoms deep. It boils up with such force that a boat cannot be rowed upon it. The stream which is thus poured out makes a river about ninety feet wide and six feet deep.

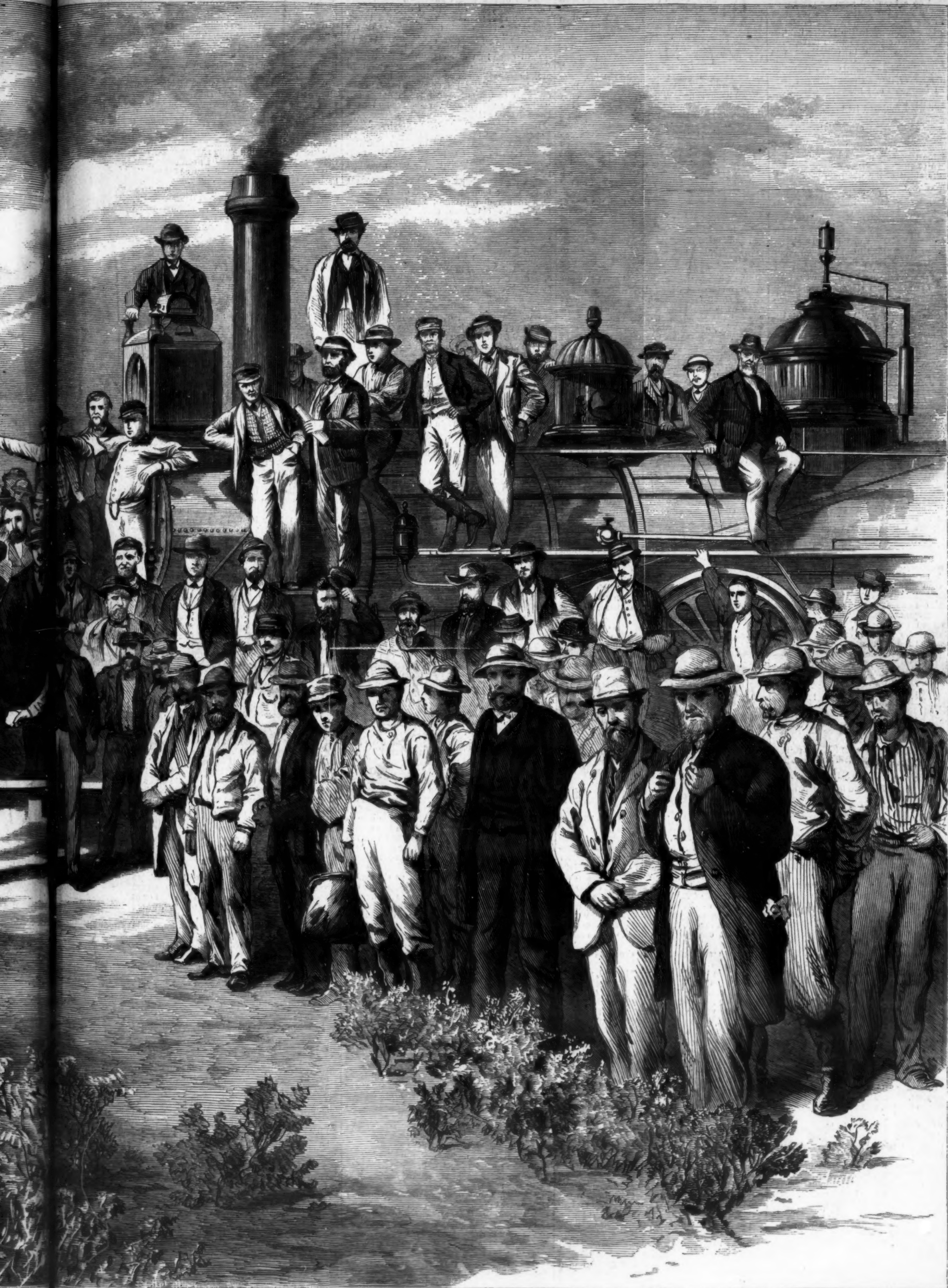
In January, 1813, a Parisian gunsmith named Pauly exhibited to a commission of French artillery officers a new musket capable of firing thirteen shots per minute. Savary, who had first seen it tried, wrote to the Emperor Napoleon in most laudatory terms of its cheapness, lightness, freedom from possibilities of accident by weather, and general convenience, especially for cavalry. The commission probably reported unfavorably of the details; but it is curious if the soldiers of the First Empire ran a narrow chance of testing the value of that rapid firing which it has been reserved for the present decade to appreciate as an imperative condition of all future military success.

The redundancy of women in Great Britain is a matter receiving new and earnest attention. It appears that in 1851 there were in Great Britain, out of every 100 women above 20 years of age, 87 wives, 13 widows, and 30 spinsters. In England and Wales the whole number of women between 20 and 40 was a little under 3,000,000, and of these 1,248,000 were unmarried. After making allowance for the excess of women above men in the whole population, and assuming that a good many of these 1,248,000 would marry, it is calculated that there are at least 750,000 unmarried women who would not of themselves have chosen a single life. Now, in California, in 1850, there were only 105,000 women to 270,000 men. Yet at the same time there were 40,000 more women than men in Massachusetts. Such things ought not to be. But what's the remedy?

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in London, is about to occupy new premises in Jermyn street. The site was obtained through the gift of \$25,000 by Mr. George Wood, one of the committee. The society was founded in 1824; years before that date an act having been passed to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle. Since then sixteen thousand convictions have been obtained against offenders. The society aims at six special objects—1st. The circulation of tracts amongst persons having to do with animals. 2d. The introduction into schools of books calculated to teach children to treat dumb animals with kindness. 3d. Systematic appeals to the public. 4th. Periodical sermons from various pulpits. 5th. The employment of special constables. 6th. The prosecution of offenders, and publication of the offense and punishment. Bull-baiting, cock-fighting, bull-running, badger-baiting, and other amusements of a kindred nature, have been successively attacked and abolished. The income is about \$20,000. The largest proportion of offenses is with respect to horses; the smallest, cats. In 1867 only 719 persons were punished for the ill-treatment of horses; donkeys and mules, 71; oxen, 26; sheep and pigs, 14; dogs, 28; cats, 4; various (viz., poultry and goats), 132. Of these convictions 610 were obtained in the provinces.



THE COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAIL ROAD—THE CEREMONY AT PROMONTORY POINT, UTAH, MAY 10TH., 1869.—THE LOCOMOTIVES JUMP THE C
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. S. P. —SEE P.



THE CENTRAL LINE, AND 119, OF THE UNION LINE, MEETING AT THE JUNCTION, AFTER THE DRIVING OF THE LAST SPIKES.
—SEE PAGE 183.

OURS.

It chanced on a beautiful summer night,
When the moon was young, when the stars
were bright,
And the blossoms slept in the tender light,
And dreamed on the zephyr's sighs,
That a wondrous spell in our home was
wrought,
Of hopes and fears and bewildering thought,
By a fairy flower that an angel brought
From the gates of Paradise.

The south wind fluttered its perfumed wings,
And essayed the song that the bulb sings,
And the firely sparkled in mystic rings,
Like lamps at a fairy ball;
The young leaves, whispering sweet and low,
In a tongue that only Dryads know,
Made love to the waves that danced below
To the chant of the waterfall.

The cloud-ships lay in the far-off west,
With their masts and spars and sails at rest,
Or floated along in an idle quest
Of some bright Elysian isle;
And fairy gondolas here and there
Moved down the streams of the upper air,
And moored their prows to the shadow stair
Of some Gothic palace-pile.

So the hours of that summer night were told,
The starlight faded from river and wold,
And morning, in garments of purple and gold,
Awakened the sleeping earth;
But the cherub form, with his face so fair,
Crowned with a glory of golden hair,
Like the morning sunshine gleaming there,
Still nestled beside our hearth.

ASKAROS KASSIS, THE COPT.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,

MATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

CHAPTER XX.—A MODERN FAUST.

WHEN the tidings of the young man's flight and the old man's death were brought to Abbas Pasha, he at first disbelieved the intelligence, suspecting some trick. But when the news was fully confirmed, he sent for Daoud-ben-Yousouf, who promptly obeyed the summons, and stood for a second time in the Viceroy's presence.

"What means all this?" growled Abbas. "Canst thou give any clue to the place where the younger of these dogs is hidden? For they tell me the old one is dead, and steps must now be taken for regulating his succession. Knowest thou, as thou hast boasted, where his great wealth is placed, and how invested?"

"Effendina! the affairs of the Khasnadar are better known to me than to any other man—both his public and his private—and I am prepared to prove my assertion. Of the hiding-place of the young man I know nothing, for I have not seen him for a long time, and the people of his household only know that two days since his Nubian slave Ferral disappeared, taking with him the favorite horse of Askaros and another, and had not returned. Hence they suppose both have fled away together."

"Why should he fly?" asked Abbas; "he had just been set free, and had no cause for fear."

"Effendina! that is a mystery, which as yet I cannot solve. But give me a little time, and I hope to do so."

Abbas Pasha mused a few moments; then, fixing his dull but penetrating eye on the young Syrian, said:

"Thou hast the wisdom of the serpent; what now dost thou propose to do, to earn the reward I promised thee, for thy first plan hath failed, and thy testimony is useless against a dead man—so also thy treachery?"

"Effendina! if the humblest of thy servants might be allowed to speak, he would say, that, though the man is dead, yet the succession lives still, and that is of more importance than the man. The natural heir dead or fled away, no one knows where, and no near blood-relationship left, it is the duty of the Government to take charge of the estate for the benefit of the heirs, as well as to regulate its accounts with the treasury. Hence the road is easier now to travel, than heretofore."

"Verily thou art a young Shaitan," said Abbas, admiringly: "though thou speakest truly in this matter, which Shaitan, thy father, generally doth not. But I see thou hast something further to say; so be not over-modest, but speak out. What is it?"

"Effendina! the mind of thy servant, reflected in his face to an eye which sees everything, was troubled on this point. To secure the management of that estate which will meet the views of your Highness, it is necessary it should be committed to the hands of some one who could be trusted, and with sufficient capacity to settle it satisfactorily."

Abbas threw himself back on his divan with a roar of laughter.

"Ho! ho!" he cried, "this is too good. So our modest young scribe thinks the proper person to administer that estate, is the late Wakeel of the late Khasnadar, now gone to his rest in the bosom of his Father Abraham, or, what is more likely, roasting now in Jehannum. Is it not so, O youth! whose bashfulness equals thy discretion? Thou crowdest loudly, indeed, for a cock whose spurs are yet unground, and whose beard would never betray thee under a woman's veil." Then, relapsing into seriousness, he added: "What thou dreamest of is impossible. Great indeed would be the scandal, were so important a trust placed in hands like thine; and plain to the eyes of all men would be the price of thy treachery to thy patron. No—no!"

Go home, and dash water on thy head to cool thy fevered brain, which makes thee fancy thou art more than a tool in the hands of thy superiors, and canst claim thy reward before thou hast earned it. No! I shall name a well known friend of the late Khasnadar—Zoulikar Pasha—to take charge of the estate for the benefit of the family and kindred of the dead man, and to regulate his accounts with my Government, that all men may see and admire the justice of the Viceroy, even toward those whom it is known he loves not. Then, through the agency of the Grand Meglis, with the aid of thy testimony, and the proofs thou hast promised, we can confiscate that property, and take it into our possession, for the ends of public justice. Thy vanity and grasping avarice must have clouded the usual clearness of thy vision, if thou canst not see how incongruous would be thy double duty, or should dream of mounting the top round of the ladder, before planting foot on the lowest."

Despite his habitual dissimulation, the face of the Syrian, while the Viceroy sneeringly spoke, eying him over the while like some small reptile striving to climb—underwent many changes; and though he bent his angry eyes, full of evil fire, toward the ground, as if too abashed to raise them, the flush on his pale cheek betrayed the emotion in his soul.

Abbas marked it with his cold cruel eye, but made no comment, for he regarded Daoud merely as an instrument he could use and cast aside as it pleased him, and his malign spirit enjoyed the infliction of torture on one so callous, and so little troubled with scruples of conscience. So, with the tiger instinct natural to him, he prolonged the cruel sport, and played with the writhing victim anxious to escape.

"Thou hast forgotten one thing," said the Viceroy. "If the old man be dead, and the young one an outlaw by his own act, the girl of whom thou hast spoken to me becomes the heir to these great possessions, and will not lack for suitors. It may be that Zoulikar Pasha himself, who is the handsomest man in my dominions, might like to take charge of her, as well as of the estate. With all the best intentions toward thee, how can I decently restrain his choice, should he choose to marry before our plans are completed, and she is known to be a pauper, and fit bride only for a lover so disinterested as thyself!"

Through the base yet not utterly degraded spirit of the Syrian there shot a pang, keen almost as the death-agony—a fierce thirst for the blood of the man who thus taunted him, coupled with a sickening sense of his own ineffable baseness, in being a thing which merited such scorn even from the evil creature who entertained it. He dared not trust himself to reply, lest he should betray himself. He only bowed his head yet lower, as though in self-abasement, that he might hide the glare of his eyes, which might excite the distrust of the tyrant: for he felt that the hell in his heart was blazing out through those windows of the soul, and could not be hidden were he to raise them.

Abbas gloated over his confusion and shame, and sought to increase them.

"Thou art silent," he said. "Art thou convinced, and wilt thou then be content with the two hundred purses of gold as thy reward, relinquishing all thought of the maiden, as a prize now far too great for one in thy low station to aspire to? Answer."

Mastering himself by a mighty effort, while he registered in his soul a secret vow of vengeance against the smiling despot, the Syrian raised his head, wrath no longer burning in the eyes, now encircled with two livid rings, and sunken deep in their orbits, like those of one just recovering from almost mortal illness. In truth, the whole face seemed to have aged suddenly, and his voice sounded harsh and hollow when he spoke.

"Effendina!" he said, "I am not so blind or so silly as you deem; neither am I aspiring higher than I ought. I freely admit the force of what your Highness says as to the succession, and the choice made proves the wisdom of my lord's far-seeing mind. But as regards the girl, Effendina, she cannot inherit these estates, for she bears not the name, and is not of the blood of Askaros, but only, like myself, one of the children of his bounty. This thing will explain to my high lord, and justify what he deemed the presumption of his servant, who knows his own place too well to aspire above it!"

Surprise succeeded scorn upon the face of Abbas.

"Explain this riddle to me," he said, sharply.

"Canst thou prove this statement?"

"Effendina, the fact is well known to all the friends of Askaros, for of near kindred he has none, and probably the girl herself, of all the household, is the only person ignorant of it."

"Peki!" said Abbas; "so much the better, then. In that case thou mayest fear no rivalry, and doubtless the girl will gladly seek the shelter of thy harem when she finds herself friendless and poor. Unless," he added, with a sinister glance, "some one tells her of thy faithful services to me, which she might not appreciate. Women are so wrong-headed! But fear nothing. If thou dealest faithfully with me, thou shalt have both girl and gold. Now go, and prepare carefully thy papers for the Grand Meglis, for that intermeddling homar (ass) of a Consul-General cannot now annoy me further."

With hate in his heart, but with respectful deference in his manner, Daoud knelt down and prostrated himself with lowly reverence before the Viceroy, who seemed to have utterly forgotten his presence, and retired backward from the room; but no sooner had the curtain dropped behind him, than the mask he had worn fell from his face, which grew fiendish and fell in its fixed resolve.

"Ay," he muttered, grinding his teeth, "truly shalt thou pay my price, and with usury too! And then—and then?—another perhaps thou wilt not of!"

He was startled from his reverie by a shrill cry seeming to come from high in air, and glance-

ing through a window by which he was passing, saw one of the desert hawks—a small, fierce bird—pounce down upon and strike a vulture twice its size, whose torn plumes and blood-bedabbled crest attested the severity of the stroke, as it flew fast away, dropping its prey as it fled, on which the hawk settled down.

"An omen! an omen!" gasped the Syrian, "sent by the master whose servants we both are. I accept it, and woe to thee, foul vulture!" he hissed, shaking his clenched hand in the direction of the chamber wherein Abbas sat, "when the appointed hour shall come for the hawk to strike!"

With head once more proudly erect, and with the step of a conqueror, the Syrian, pausing a moment on the threshold to shake the dust from his feet as he passed over it, muttering to himself, strode rapidly away, like one possessed of an evil demon.

Two hours later, as Daoud-ben-Yousouf sat in his upper room, looking out over the Ezbekieh in the dim twilight, his lamp not yet lighted, his old Arab servant, a withered crone—cook, housekeeper and drudge—shuffled into the room, and announced, with a mysterious air, that two valued women—an old and a young one—demanded to see the master of the house. The leer in the old woman's eye indicated her belief in the purport of the visit, and the Syrian, indignantly hurling an Arab malediction at her, sternly commanded her to bring no such messages to him, on pain of instant dismissal from his service, and to send the women away. For, in the thorough absorption of his soul, he had no time or taste for the usual frivolities or vices of youth, and lived the life of an anchorite, so far as mortification of the flesh in every way was concerned.

As the old woman, grumbling, was withdrawing to fulfill his orders, she was pushed aside by the unwelcome visitors, who walked into the room unannounced, the elder woman standing in the doorway, which she entirely filled up with her bulky person and spreading dress, dropping the curtain down so as to leave only Daoud and the younger woman in the room alone.

As the angry Syrian was about to repeat the uncomplimentary remarks he had just made his servant, the woman advanced and threw back her veil. As she did so, amazement succeeded anger on the young man's face, and so great was his agitation that he supported himself by clutching at the window-sill.

The woman spoke first.

"Daoud-ben-Yousouf," she said, "you know me too well to doubt for an instant the purpose of my visit unmaidenly and immodest as my presence here may seem, alone in the night-time, with unveiled face, in your house. But I come on matters of life and death—from the feet of a dead father, to search for a lost brother! from a house of mourning to see whether El Warda has yet one friend left? Where is my brother? If living man in this city know, thou art the man!"

"Sit down," gasped the Syrian, whose face had grown ashy pale, and whose lips quivered. "Call in your companion, and we can talk in French, for it is not meet for your maiden reputation to be left alone in a room with a man. That reputation is dearer to me than my life."

The girl did not take the offered seat, nor summon her companion. She smiled a sad wan smile, and shook her head.

"Daoud," she said, "trouble not yourself with such trifles. I was a girl this morning—I am a woman now—and, like yourself, have had enough of Frank training, to care little for foolish forms. What I have to say to you, and hear from you, must be said and heard alone. Listen to me! The day before he died, my father was warned by one in whom he trusted, to beware of you—for you meditated treachery—and I believe the shock of that revelation, joined to other griefs, caused his death. I come now to prove whether you are false or true this night; for in your hands now, I know, will rest the fortunes and the fate of my brother and myself. Thus much I know. Now, tell me first where has my brother gone?"

Over the face of the Syrian, as she spoke, there swept many changing emotions; but the predominating expression was one of hungry craving admiration—his eyes strained upon her countenance, and his ear eagerly drinking in the sound of her voice. When she ceased, repeating again her closing question, which he seemed not to have heard—he answered vaguely, like a man talking in his sleep:

"Where has he gone? I do not know!"

"You know, and will not tell, Daoud! Why will you not tell me—his sister? Are you truly then our enemy?"

"Your enemy?" gasped the Syrian, recovering at once all his faculties, and speaking almost with indignation. "O El Warda! star of my boyhood! sunlight of my manhood! sole hope of my heart! there runs not a drop of blood in these veins that I would not pour out in your service. You have no slave you can command more absolutely than Daoud-ben-Yousouf, whose greatest sin has been only loving you too well! It grieves me, indeed, to hear that my old friend and benefactor should have listened to the lying tongues that defamed me. For how could I meditate treachery to him, and hope to fulfill the cherished wish of my heart? And you know well, O El Warda!" he added, dropping his voice, "what that wish ever has been."

The girl looked bewildered and perplexed—passed her hand over her brow, as though to clear away a mist gathering over her sight, and said softly:

"Indeed, Daoud, I did not doubt you, for I remembered the days when we were as brother and sister—eating of the same bread—drinking of the same cup—and studying out of the same book; and that is not so very long ago, although years seem to me to have been crowded into the last few weeks. But my father is dead—my brother has gone I know not whither—or whether he will return—and the desperate hope came to me that you might know and tell me, and give me counsel what to do, though

my father warned me not to trust you, even with his almost dying breath. Surely you could not be so base and cruel as to deceive me, or betray the friends of your childhood!"

"The suspicion itself is an insult," said Daoud, with an air of wounded pride. "That is a question I cannot discuss, even with you. If you still regard me as worthy of your confidence, tell me what I can do to serve you—and yours," he added, with hesitation.

"Find where my brother is, and let him know all that has happened and is happening here. Give him advice what is the safest and best for him to do—for you have a ready wit, and can find out better than most men. Do this, and I will pray for you to Sitta Mariam, and be for ever grateful!"

"Gratitude is but a chilly recompense," said the young man, gloomily. "I need more."

"Well, then I will regard you as my second brother!" said the girl, pleadingly.

"Mine is not a brother's love for you," responded Daoud, almost fiercely; "it is a frantic, frenzied passion—a certainty that you must be mine only—mine wholly, or I shall die—a dream that visits my nights and haunts my waking hours—that curses and blesses my existence equally—and that finally will drive me mad or desperate, if it meets no requital. O El Warda! whose step is lighter than the gazelle's—whose voice is sweeter than music—whose face and form more lovely than those of Houris—and whose presence alone in this chamber makes it a heaven to me—smile upon me! Make me the happiest of living men, by telling me that I may have hope—that you will not condemn me to sit for ever, like the lost Jinns, gnashing my teeth in darkness, with the glories of the opening heaven shining within my sight, though shut and barred out for ever to me, as to them!"

As he closed this impassioned appeal, he sought to seize the girl's hand, and throw himself at her feet in an agony of impassioned supplication.

But El Warda gently, but firmly repulsed him, reproachfully saying:

"O Daoud! Is this a time or a place to speak thus to a poor weak girl, who comes to throw herself on a brother's friendship? Can I think of love! with my dear old father lying dead on his divan—and but a few moments since having passed from the house of mourning? While my brother, Askaros, is now a fugitive—perhaps a corpse on the desert: for the horrible Khamseen has been blowing all day, and thither he fled but two days since. Or, if escaped that peril, dead perhaps for ever to me: since he never would have left his father and his home had it been safe for him to stay in Egypt. How can you expect me to trust, or even to respect you, if you are so selfish, and abuse my confidence in you thus?" And the soft dark eyes were suffused with tears she could no longer suppress.

A wild joy flashed through the heart of the Syrian, not only at the hope conveyed by her words, but on learning the route which Askaros had taken, as well. In his vivid imaginings he already saw the bones of the man he regarded as his only rival, bleaching on the sands of the desert. But he only bowed his head, as in contrition, and excused the ardor of his language by the warmth of his passion, pleading for forgiveness, and promising to sin thus no more; and the girl, like most of her sex, was willing to pardon the fault, in view of its cause.

But, although her distrust was removed, she was mindful of that parting injunction of the elder Askaros, and did not inform the Syrian of her meditated removal, after the burial of her father, to the dwelling of Moussa-ben-Israel.

Therefore, after receiving many promises from Daoud, as to the efforts he would make to discover and communicate with her brother, the young girl summoned her companion—her favorite servant and guardian from childhood—and retraced her steps to the home once so happy, but now only the tomb of her affections; leaving the Syrian in a frame of mind he himself would have found it difficult to analyze—the wildest hope and joy conflicting with the blackest grief and despair.

All that night he rested not; and the belated reveler or intriguer, skulking homeward through the Ezbekieh, late in the night or at early dawn, looking up at his window, where still shone the light of his lamp, and seeing his light figure rapidly moving to and fro, would smile and say to himself:

"What a student truly is Daoud-ben-Yousouf!"

And a student he was! but, like Faust, of things unholy, and his "familiar," Mephistopheles, who led him on blindfold over the path that leads to perdition, was not at his side, but seated within his own soul.

CHAPTER XXI.—UNDER THE TENTS OF THE BENI-HASSAN.

THE long low black tents of the Bedouins of the tribe of Beni-Hassan were pitched in the fertile valley near Jericho, of which once famous city the name now only remains—not a trace even of its walls, which fell before the blasts of Joshua's trumpets, being perceptible.

The ruins of the ancient aqueducts, which formerly conveyed water from Jericho to Jerusalem, alone attest the fact of the existence of a city on that site, now covered by the mud huts of a small Arab village. Squatting among the ruins of an old fort constructed during the Crusades, may be found the Sheikh of this village, who appropriated it to his use, and made it his residence.

The valley is one of great fertility, and under careful cultivation: and the rich verdure which clothes it contrasts strongly with the iron mountains which shut it in on one side, and the sterile desert which leads to the Dead Sea and Jordan, on the other.

In the very heart of this fertile valley, the wandering tribe of the Beni-Hassan were encamped for a time—the tent of their Great Sheikh, Abou-Gosh, being only distinguishable from that of the others by its superior size,

and his long spear, with its pennon, sticking upright in the ground in front of it, in token of his remaining some time at that spot.

Flocks and herds of goats, sheep, and cattle, browsed around, tended by a few wild-looking Bedouins, easily distinguishable from the common Fellah, or peasant, by their dress, and wild untamed look.

At the door of his tent, smoking his nargileh, sat the great chief himself, like another Abraham—to the pictures of whom, in the old editions of the Bible, he presented a striking likeness. So grave and patriarchal was his aspect, with his long white beard, stately figure, and calm composed countenance, that no one would have dreamed him to be the great robber chief at whose name travelers grew pale, and who levied tribute on all passing from Joppa to Jerusalem, or from the Holy City to Damascus. His face and mien, however, indicated the habit of command—for his sway over his own people was as absolute as that of the ancient patriarch to whom he has been likened; and neither to the Sultan, nor to the Turkish Governor of Syria, did he owe any allegiance, or pay any tribute, except to the former, as chief of "the Faith" and spiritual head of Islam.

As he looked over the green valley clad in the bright livery of spring, and his eyes roved over the countless flocks and herds, an expression of contentment was on his face, and he seemed in good humor with himself, and with the world. No care appeared to disturb his serenity, as he slowly inhaled the perfumed smoke, which rose in vapory clouds in the still air. A light step behind him, as the curtain of the tent was pushed aside; and the slight graceful form of a young Arab girl, whose unveiled face was sweet in expression and regular in features, though of a pale copper color, stood still in the opening, and with arms meekly crossed over her bosom, awaited his notice.

The grand old face of Abou-Gosh lit up with pleasure at the sight of the girl, to whom he spoke in tones as soft and gentle as those of a woman.

"How is our guest to-day, O my daughter? Has Azrael ceased to flap his black wings over his head? What saith thy mother, O Amina? for well skilled is she in the illness that kills, and the herb that heals."

"The stranger in our tents is greatly better, O my father!" replied the girl, in a voice melodious as her face was sweet; "and my mother says the danger is now past; the fever is gone, and the sick man may now rise from his bed and breathe the fresh air again. This came I to tell you."

"Thy voice is ever to me like that of one bringing glad tidings," responded the Sheikh, "and it is doubly so to-day. For this youth is the son of one of my oldest friends, a good man, though a Nazarene, and the boy's own looks please me much. Do they please thee, my daughter?"

The girl blushed through her dusky skin at the question, and bent her head in maidenly modesty, but she answered with the frankness of her training:

"I have sat by the bedside of the young Frank, O my father, for many days past: and I cannot but feel an interest in the stranger, who is truly very handsome, and whose voice is like music—very unlike those of our own people!"

The old Sheikh laughed gently under his beard, but only said:

"Now go, my child, and tell thy mother, if she thinks it will do him good, to bid him clothe himself and sit here by my side: for this fresh air will do him more good than all the drugs of the Hakeem! or even the herbs that she is so cunning to compound." And the girl disappeared again within the tent.

Shortly afterward, while the Great Sheikh still sat smoking, apparently meditating over some serious thought, the curtain of the tent was again pushed back, and Askaros appeared. The Sheikh, rising from his cushions with grave dignity, welcomed him, and motioned for him to take a seat beside him, proffering the mouth-piece of the nargileh to him, from which after having taken a few inhalations, the young man returned the tube to his host.

"I trust thou art again well," was the Sheikh's salutation; "and that the breath of the evil Genii, who chased thee across the desert, now no longer poisons thy veins. My wife, who is well skilled in the lore of the Hakeems, tells me that thou needest now only rest and pure air to regain thy lost strength, and that all peril to life hath past."

The young man briefly declared his convalescence, and made his acknowledgments to his host, for the kindness and care to which he owed his life.

But the Sheikh checked the expression of them, briefly saying:

"As much would I have done for any passing stranger, and thou art not a stranger to me; for the son of thy father hath many claims on Abou-Gosh, who never hath failed friend or foe. It hath been a great pleasure to me to do any service to the son of one I love so well."

Three weeks had passed since Askaros had been brought to the tents of the Bedouins, upon a camel, stretched in a state of utter unconsciousness by a fever, which seemed to dry up all the springs of life.

During that period he was at first ignorant of all that was passing around him; but as his convalescence commenced, he became conscious of the presence of a light airy female form, flitting near his couch, felt occasionally the timid touch of a soft cool hand upon his fevered brow, and heard the music of a low sweet voice chanting the plaintive melodies of the children of the desert. As he grew better, and his eyes could bear the glare of daylight, he saw the face and figure of the young Bedouin girl just described; and it afforded him a dreamy enjoyment to watch her flitting around him, and through the tent, half closing his eyes, that she might not know he was watching her.

At length he ventured to accost her, and had short conversations with her, and her mother, a comely matron of middle age, who was always there, but in whose movements and conversation the young man did not take so deep an interest. From them he learned that the caravan, when it reached the shelter to which their guide had conducted himself and Ferraj, had found him delirious and stricken with fever, and had borne him across the desert to the safe refuge where he now was, as the guest of the Great Sheikh Abou-Gosh.

Inquiring for the faithful Nubian, he was told he too was safe, and in the tents; on hearing which the young man, with sigh of deep relief, breathed a short prayer to the Virgin for all her mercies, and sunk again into peaceful slumber. Now, although the crisis of his disease was over, the young man still felt himself incapable of much exertion of body or mind, so worn and wasted was he by his illness; and his host, perceiving it, forbore to excite him, and forbade his talking of himself, or of his affairs, until he was stronger, with that absence of curiosity and true hospitality which characterizes the Oriental in his dealings with the stranger who shares his salt.

Another week passed, and Askaros in the interval had been so far restored to his usual vigor as to have mounted a horse and accompanied the Bedouins on an excursion to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, which was the limit of Abou-Gosh's authority, the opposite bank being under the dominion of a rival chieftain, with whose people the Beni-Hassan were ever in a state of quasi war.

With them, too, he witnessed the chase of the gazelle over the desert, where they hunted with trained hawks, much after the fashion of the knights and ladies in the Middle Ages, only for different game, the manner of which was thus: mounted on their Arab horses, and accompanied by the fleet Syrian grayhounds, with their long feathery tails, they would start up the gazelle from its hiding-place, which would soon outstrip the pursuit of the fastest horse and fleetest dog among them.

Then with a peculiar cry launching the hawk into the air, he would circle up until lost into a mere speck hanging in blue ether, then swoop down like a lightning-flash on the head of the quarry, buffeting its face, and blinding its eyes with its strong wings. The gazelle would soon rid itself of its feathered assailant, by striking its head upon the ground, and then resume its flight. But the pertinacious foe would come down upon its head again and again, repeating its assault, until at length, blinded and wearied by the incessant attacks, and confuted by the cries of the huntsmen and chase of the dogs, the exhausted gazelle would be caught by the grayhounds, or speared by the Bedouins.

Partaking in this chase, he soon won the admiration of the Arabs for his perfect horsemanship, an accomplishment they prize above all others; and his reputation soon reached the gratified ears of Abou-Gosh and his women, who felt a pride that the young man was worthy of their care and hospitality.

So matters went on, until one morning, when, sitting in front of the tents with his host, Askaros, after telling him his story and his present plight, announced his intention of trespassing no longer on his hospitality, and of taking his departure.

Abou-Gosh did not immediately respond. He seemed to reflect seriously for some minutes, as though revolving in his mind the tale which had been told him, then, raising his head, and looking him full in the face with his bright dark eye, as untamed as that of an eagle, yet not without a certain softness lurking in its depths, said:

"Poor boy! hard is thy fate!—sad thy past, and gloomy thy present and future! I know Abbas Pasha well. Thou hast provoked the hate of no common enemy. But where dost thou propose to go, on leaving these friendly tents?"

"I scarcely know," replied Askaros, sadly; "all the earth is a place of exile to me now. But I shall go first to Joppa on the sea, and there I will decide whether to direct my steps. Possibly I may go to the land of the Franks."

Why shouldst thou leave thy birthplace, and the home of thine own race, to go among the Frank strangers, whose ways of life and whose religion is so different—ay, more widely apart from thine, than ours are?

"Why needest thou leave at all?" he added, fixing his bright eye full on the young man's; "already our people love thee, and praise thy skill in all manly sports, as equal to that of any born Bedouin. Stay, then, with us under our tents. Rude as they are, they are better than the Egyptian prisons, or the homes of the infidel Franks, for one born and bred in the East. For I have seen enough of them traveling here in Syria to know, as I said before, that their ways, and even their religion, which they call the same as thine, are as different as their costumes and their speech."

Ere the young man, in his speechless surprise at this unexpected proposition, could collect himself sufficiently to reply, the old Sheikh still more gravely resumed, laying as he spoke his swarthy right hand, on which the sinews stood out like cords, on the shoulder of Askaros, as a father might on a son's.

"Hearken unto my words," he said, gravely, "and reflect before you decide. My away over the Beni-Hassan, as thou knowest, is great: and my will their law. I have no son to succeed me, and I am growing old. If thou wilt consent, I will adopt thee as my son, and as the heir to my wealth, which is great in flocks and herds, and to my rule over this tribe. To confirm this more strongly, and to please my people, I will give thee in marriage the daughter of my old age, Amina, who is fair to look upon, and a woman any man might love, who hath helped to bring thee out of the valley of the shadow of death by her gentle ministering."

"And I am the more tempted to make thee this offer, because I suspect that the young girl loveth thee, even as Rachel loved Jacob, though

possibly she knoweth it not fully herself. But a father's eye cannot be deceived. Say! wilt thou be the son of Abou-Gosh, and his successor, and find rest and peace under the tents of the Beni-Hassan? Reflect well upon it, and give me an answer at sundown!"

And, gathering his robes about him, Abou-Gosh rose from his cushions and passed beneath his tent, leaving the young man sitting alone, too much overpowered by the strangeness of the offer, to utter a syllable in reply.

Yet the offer, wild as it seemed—that he, with his Frank culture and civilized tastes, should relapse into the primitive existence of the Bedouin—half shepherd, half robber—was not without its temptations, making an appeal to the romantic side of his character. From the midst of a confused turmoil of plots, stratagems and intrigues, he had passed suddenly, as through the valley of the shadow of death, into the repose of this new and primitive existence, a reflection of the days of the ancient Patriarchs, when Lot and Abraham divided their flocks and herds, and parceled out the domain of their world between them. Here, at least, the wearied brain could find repose, the wearied body rest, and the anxious spirit steep itself in oblivion, and find nepenthe.

The lotus-eaters of the days of Ulysses might have led more torpid lives, but never could have enjoyed more immunity from mere worldly cares, than the Sheikh of this pastoral tribe, who was absolute master of the smiling and fertile valleys, hemmed in by the high mountain ranges from all foreign intrusion, stretching down, with interspaces of arid desert, to the sea on one side, and the hill country of Judea on the other.

Then, too, the girl who was offered to him in marriage, was passing fair! and pure as the snowflakes which crested Mount Lebanon, in mind and heart.

True, she was only a savage! a child of the wilderness! born and bred under tents, with no mental culture, and not the most vague conception of the civilization which he had seen abroad, and set up as his ideal, and which he saw personified fully, for the first time, in the person of the American maiden.

True! but she had repudiated the warm out-gush of his affection and admiration, with words and gestures of wondering scorn, when he dared shadow it out to her, on that memorable day when he had avenged himself by afterward saving her life; and never since had his eyes looked upon her—most probably in this life never would again, for he was now a fugitive, and her presence in Egypt was as evanescent and fleeting, as the mirage which had mocked his vision on the desert. Why should he pursue a phantom, when he might grasp a warm, living, glowing, substantial reality, now so near him? for he doubted not that the Great Sheikh, so wary and so wise, had not spoken without knowing the real state of his daughter's heart! He might also be King of Syria if he chose! Should he abandon that certainty, to chase a flying phantom over the world, which his reason told him he would never clasp!

Absorbed in these reveries, he closed his eyes, and before him came the vision, as in a panoramic view, of the first time he had seen the fair American girl, standing framed in the rude stone window of the Hotel d'Orient; her blonde tresses floating over her brow of snow and blushing cheeks, her large blue eyes shooting down rays of mingled wonder and admiration on the Egyptian cavalier and his white charger, contending for the mastery beneath her casement.

And at that view of past rapture, faded at once and forever from his soul the mirage vision of the pastoral Bedouin existence, with its simple cares and barren hopes; and the image of the Arab girl, in contrast with that apparition of true womanhood, seemed something scarce above the animal creation, or the brutes that perish. He unclosed his eyes with a start, for the familiar voice of Ferraj sounded in his ears, and looking up, he beheld the faithful Nubian, his dress disarranged and splashed with mud and soil, as though from hard riding, the beads of sweat dripping from his brow, standing before him. In his hand he held a scroll, sealed like an Eastern letter, which he extended to his master.

"What is the meaning of this, Ferraj, and whence come you?"

"From El Khuds (the Holy City), and this is a writing for the Effendi, entrusted to his slave by the Consul, to whom it was given by Jondab-bar-Elias, the Hebrew, who had it from Egypt."

Wondering from whom the letter might be, Askaros tore open the envelope, and found on a slip of paper the words which follow, in Arabic characters:

"Moussa-ben-Israel, of Cairo, sends greeting to Askaros Kassia, who, he learns from one of his own people at Jerusalem, is now the guest of the Great Sheikh of the Beni-Hassan, Abou-Gosh, with whom may peace abide! It imports him to know that his sister, El Warda, is now safe under the humble roof of the writer, her father's oldest friend, and cannot be found by any who seek to do her wrong. Of this be sure. It grieves me to tell Askaros that he is now sole living bearer of that name; his father, and my friend, went to his rest on the 11th day of Sciawal, at peace with himself and all men. He died without pain, going out quietly, even as the nargileh he was inhaling when the Death-angel summoned him. Grieve not overmuch, for he died full of years and honors, a just man made perfect. The earth is for the living, not the dead, therefore let Askaros look to his own needs. Let him take warning, and confide nothing to him he has heretofore considered his best friend at Cairo, and his father's also, for he is even as was Joab, who, while taking Amasa by the hand, and asking, 'Art thou in health, my brother?' smote him with his left hand under the ribs, so that his bowels gushed out and he died!"

"Let him take warning from that example of friendship! I say no more; for though a young

man, he to whom this is written, is wise for his years."

"A letter sent through the same channel as this cometh, will reach the sister, and living friends of Askaros, whom may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, (who is the God of the Nazarene as well as of the Hebrew), guide and guard, and have in His Holy keeping! Selah!"

Signed in black wax to this scroll was the seal of Moussa-ben-Israel, in Hebrew characters. A postscript had also been added, which ran as follows:

"Also am I charged by the Consul-General, his protector, to tell Askaros, that in whatever land he may seek refuge, there will he find a representative of his nation, through whom he may confer with home and friends, and with himself. He further promises to spare no pains or influence to secure the safety and speedy return of Askaros to his native land."

The receipt of this seemed to awaken the young man from his day-dreams, and cause a complete revulsion in his thoughts and feelings.

It roused him to the recollection that he had duties toward others to perform, apart from his own ease and comfort, which he could not honorably renounce for the tranquil existence, of which he had been dreaming a few moments before.

His father's fair fame, and his sister's safety, both called trumpet-tongued upon him to shake off both sloth and sensual selfishness, and act like a man.

And over and above all these considerations, blending with, as though part and parcel of them, shone the fair face of the American girl, like that he had often prostrated himself before in worship at Cairo, in the solemn niche of the old Coptic Church of the Virgin, in those days of sunshine never to be his again!

The spell was broken: the lotus-eater rose from his bed of asphodel, where he had been soothed to slumber by the murmuring music of drowsy fountains and droning voices, an awakened and energetic man; once more ready to act, to dare, to suffer, as a man must in a world of strife and struggle, where the wrestler, like Antæus of old, should grow the stronger after every fall, and spring up reinvigorated after touching his mother-earth. Rising up, it may be, with some stains of that earth upon him, but staining not his inner man; for with such soiling of the body, in such strife, often comes purification of the soul.

So, at the appointed hour, the young Copt met the Great Sheikh, with a calm and composed countenance, on which the resolve of his soul was written, and while thanking him for all his kindness, and for the last and greatest favor of all which he meditated, courteously declined it, explaining and pleading his own duties. He also announced his intention of departing on the ensuing morning for Joppa, with his faithful Nubian, there to determine his future course.

With the stoicism of the Indian savage, whom indeed, the Bedouin much resembles in many points of appearance, life, and character, Abou-Gosh accepted the decision as final, wasting no words in useless argument or expostulation, and seemed to forget the subject. But there were moist eyes under the tents that night, when the speedy departure of the stranger was announced: and one woman's heart beat high with indignation, the other's throbbing with a dull aching pain, and vain longing, at the news. For both mother and daughter had hoped that the proposal of the Great Sheikh to their guest—on which he had consulted them—would have been thankfully accepted.

So, at the first gray glimmer of dawn, on the next day, Askaros bade farewell to Abou-Gosh, and to the tents of the Beni-Hassan, unwitting that the tearful eyes of the Arab maiden strained after his receding form with a long wistful gaze, from a rent in the canvas of the tent, and that a fond forgiving heart sent a benison after him.

His own heart was heavy and sad enough, as over the still and sterile mountains of the hill country of Judea he took his way back to Jerusalem and Joppa, on his return to what men call civilization—the simple patriarchal life, like the black tents, fading away from his view as he left that peaceful valley—never again to return.

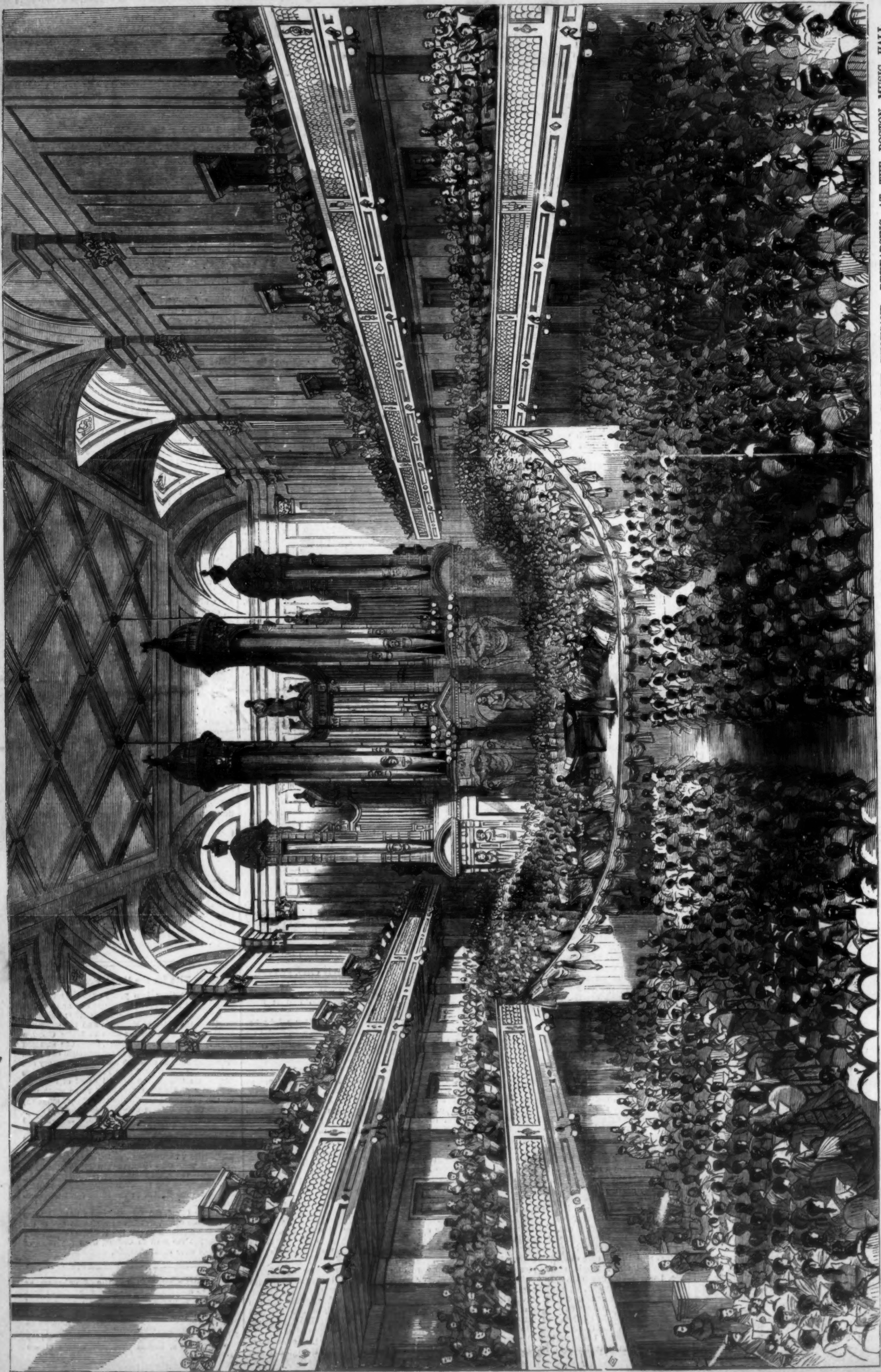
Shipping Ties for the Union Pacific Railroad.

For more than two years past the shores of the Missouri river, between Kansas City and Omaha, have presented scenes of unusual activity; and at no point has the noise of workmen and the puffing of steam-engines been greater than at White Cloud, a small village in Kansas territory, about one hundred miles below Omaha. This was the principal of a large number of stations at which the oak and hickory ties designed for the great Union Pacific Railroad were shipped for Omaha, the general depot of supplies. The route of the road running for the most part through prairie land, destitute of timber of sufficient age for ties, it became necessary to draw this material from the dense woods skirting the Missouri and other contiguous rivers.

At many of these stations, saw-mills, furnished with all the requisite machinery for cutting and trimming the logs, were erected, and a large force of workmen kept constantly employed; while at others, and particularly the more inland, the timber was hewn, cut into logs of the proper length, and trimmed by axes, and then hauled to the shore for transportation.

At White Cloud, the ties, as fast as finished, were piled on the wharf, which was a sign to any of the numerous steamers plying the river for the purpose, to transport the load to Omaha, where the rates of freightage were usually settled.

The measurements of the Parthenon at Athens, by Stuart and Penrose, show that the ancient Greek foot was 12-1/4 English inches, which would give 18-2/3 inches for the Greek cubit. Herodotus says that the Egyptian cubit was the same as that of Samos. The measure has been recently applied to the great pyramid of Cheops, and the verification may be considered complete, as the difference was only two inches in 9,112—the length of a side of the pyramid.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE, AT BOSTON, MASS.—THE MEMBERS OF THE MAMMOTH ORATORIO CHORUS, NUMBERING THREE THOUSAND, REHEARSING AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL, MAY 19TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.

The National Peace Jubilee.

THE work of preparing for the great peace jubilee on St. James's Park, Boston, is being prosecuted with great energy. The applications for opportunities to sing have been pouring in steadily for several weeks, sometimes a dozen or twenty persons being in waiting at once in the office of Director Tourjee, of which R. W. Husted has charge. In many of the country towns of New England choral societies have been training night after night, and Carl Zerrahn, whom Director Tourjee was fortunate enough to secure for his chief in the vocal department, has superintended several rehearsals in the suburbs, at each of which half a dozen towns or villages were represented. The Music Hall served for the grand rehearsal reunion of the Boston singers. Every society concerned in the festival is to appoint a marshal, who is to report to Director Tourjee's office on Monday, June 14, when tickets will be issued, and on Tuesday, June 15, at nine o'clock in the morning, the final rehearsal of the combined societies will occur at the Coliseum. The marshal of each society is charged with the duty of conducting his society to their quarters on its arrival in the city, and see to their welfare generally.

The frame of the Coliseum is finished and roofed in, and C. W. Roeth, a well known Boston artist, is engaged on its interior decorations, which will cost thousands of dollars. A large organ is to be set up in the extreme rear end of the building, and under the galleries coat and refreshment and reception rooms are being partitioned off, and a telegraph office is to be established in connection with the rooms of the press, which will afford communication at any moment with every city in America, and with the capitals of Europe. Booths have sprung up like mushrooms on the vacant lots and on the avenues leading to the Coliseum; and as the jubilee week draws nearer, people are becoming more deeply impressed with the magnitude of the enterprise.

THE CHORAL REHEARSALS—MUSIC HALL.

The grand choral rehearsals in the Boston Music Hall are imposing scenes in themselves. The first of these occurred on the evening of Wednesday, May 19. Nearly three thousand ladies and gentlemen gathered in the splendid hall, and together rolled up in grand chorus the most sublime compositions of the great masters. No one who was not present can for an instant imagine the scene. These people were not a promiscuous assemblage of indifferent vocalists; every individual was a trained and experienced singer, and when the great organ, manipulated by Dr. J. H. Willcox, led these thousands of voices, the effect was thrilling in the extreme. Carl Zerrahn directed the proceedings. The four classes were divided off each by itself, for convenience sake, the tenor occupying the balconies on the right, the bass those on the left, and the soprano and tenor the floor.

THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

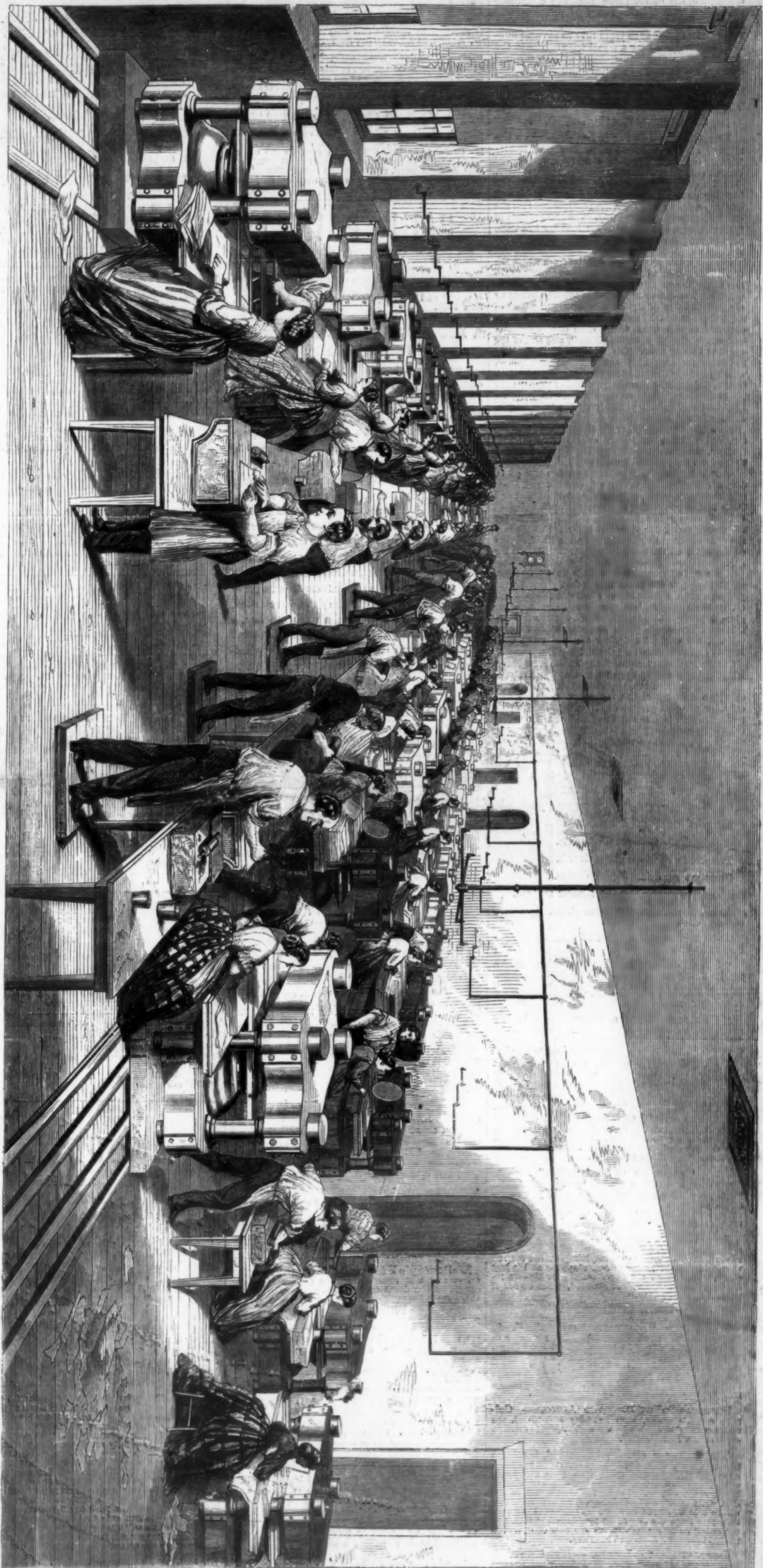
This structure, standing on Winter street, in the centre of Boston, is famed abroad not only from its size and elegance, but because it is the home of the great organ. It is 130 feet long, 78 feet wide, and about 70 feet high, and will accommodate 3,000 persons. There are two balconies running along the sides and one end of the hall. The edifice belongs to an association, of which Dr. J. Baxter Upham is president, and Eben Dale, J. P. Putnam, H. W. Pickering, R. E. Apthorp, E. T. Osborn and S. L. Thorndike, directors. A. P. Peck is the superintendent, and H. L. Hayford the assistant superintendent. The dedicatory concert, given by all the musical societies, took place on Saturday evening, November 20, 1852, with F. F. Muller as organist, George J. Webb and Aug. Fries as conductors. The building and land cost \$113,000, but a Conservatory of Music has since been added, and the property is now worth nearly a quarter of a million. It is lighted from above in day by skylights, and in the evening by hundreds of gas-burners along the top of the four walls, on the cornices.

THE GREAT ORGAN.

This instrument, in the Boston Music Hall, is well denominated "great," having no superior on the continent, and only one in Europe, viz.: that in the Munster at Ulm. Both were built by E. F. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, Wurtemberg, in Northern Germany. When the Boston Music Hall Association, in 1856, finally voted to build that organ, their estimates were that it would cost \$25,000. In reality the organ has cost \$81,000. It was erected before the war. To-day, we are assured on the best authority, it would cost over \$200,000. A fund, by-the-way, had been commenced as early as 1852.

The great organ is 48 feet in width, from 15 to 20 feet deep, and 60 feet high. The front was designed by Hammatt Billings, with elaborations and additions by the brothers Gustave and Christian Herter, of New York. There are 89 full registers, a 32-foot double diapason, four manuals or key-boards for the hands, of 58 notes each, and a pedal key-board of 30 notes. The largest pipes are 32 feet long. The compass of the organ is great, ranging from the heaviest pedal swell, down to one of the sweetest and tenderest "vox humanas" that was ever listened to. Tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of persons have listened to its music in the nearly six years that it has existed, and all have agreed that it is one of the greatest triumphs of modern art. The instrument was inaugurated on the 2d of November, 1863, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, when Friedrich Walcker, son of the builder, opened the organ, assisted by the following eminent organists: John K. Paine, W. Eugene Thayer, George W. Morgan, B. J. Lang, Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, and John H. Willcox, a preliminary ode having been recited by Miss Charlotte Cushman.

The front of the organ, is black walnut, with its quaint and colossal figures and weird faces



THE HYDRAULIC PRESS-ROOM, UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.—PRINTING U. S. BONDS.—SEE PAGE 190.

below, and its angelic figures, and the bright burnished tin of its pipes, presents a magnificent appearance. On every Wednesday and Saturday noon, there are special organ concerts, ranging in attendance from fifty to several hundred persons, and for a small fee visitors to the city can then see this wonder of the "Hub," and hear it played by skillful hands.

The Hydraulic Press-room in the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

The Government has at last decided on the removal of the Printing Bureau from the Treasury building at Washington to a new structure to be erected under authority of the Thirty-ninth Congress. In the early part of 1867, that part of the Treasury building occupied by this bureau was reported in an unsafe condition, and fears were entertained that the walls would suddenly give way. The great weight of the machinery, and especially the monster hydraulic presses, located on the fourth floor, has rendered the removal a necessity.

The method of preparing the plates from which the Government issues of the currency and securities are printed, is the same as is followed by bank-note engravers. The dies or bed-pieces are first engraved by the patient labor of skillful men upon flat pieces of steel, made artificially soft for the purpose. The time occupied in this work varies from one to eighteen months, depending upon the difficulty and size of the work to be engraved. The large number of plates necessary for each kind and denomination issued, would preclude the printing of the large amount required, unless there was some method of reproducing plates quicker than to engrave them. They are reproduced rapidly and perfectly by the transfer process, as follows:

The original bed-piece, or die alluded to, having the required vignette or letters engraved in *intaglio* thereon, is made artificially hard by a process similar to the ordinary process of "case-hardening."

After hardening, it is placed in a transfer press, and a cylindrical piece of steel, called a roll, made artificially soft, is placed upon it, and rolled back and forth under powerful pressure; the hard bed-piece being thus pressed against the soft roll, transfers the engraving in reverse from the bed-piece to the roll, *i. e.*, the portions depressed (being the lines cut out of the steel) on the bed-piece appear raised upon the roll.

This roll, in its turn, is now made artificially hard, again placed in the press, and forced down by the pressure upon a soft plate of steel, and rolled to and fro until its reverse, being a copy of the original flat piece, is produced. This is the work of but a few moments, and from the plates so prepared the paper is printed, the original bed-piece and roll being used only to produce plates for printing.

Our illustration represents the hydraulic press-room, with its triple row of huge presses, at which a large number of females are employed in feeding. To accomplish the work of this bureau no less than seventy-five of these presses are required, besides four hydraulic receivers, and twenty-five hydraulic pumps, the entire machinery of the department numbering 325 pieces. The number of operatives—both male and female—varies from time to time, as the exigencies of the public service require; but the force necessary to command the machinery is about 500 persons.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

TAILORS' crockery—Fashion plates.

A SOUND judge—A musical critic.

The bottle trick—Getting drunk.

OPEN-AIR services—Police duties.

A MENTAL reservation—A lunatic asylum.

A GOOD matrimonial firm—Three-quarters wife and one-quarter husband.

TO ASCERTAIN the number of your enemies—Publish a book.

"I WILL consent to all you desire," said a facetious lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask for? A husband.

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them in the oven to dry."

An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand-organ, says: "When we played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore-paws."

A NEWLY arrived Chinaman purchased some ice, and finding it very wet, laid it out to dry in the sun. On going to look for it again, he found that it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood of larceny.

"EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

Mistress (who will be constantly in the kitchen)—"Why, cook, I've looked everywhere for you downstairs. How dare you be sitting there?" Cook—"Well, you see, mum, as you prefers a taking my place in the kitchen, I've taken yours 'ere."

An old Irish farmer once rode some sixty odd miles in one day, on the same wretched horse. He never halted to feed his beast, nor gave her corn or water during the journey; but, stopping at his last stage, he tossed off a glass of whisky for his own refreshment, saying, as he remounted, "Let us see if ye won't go after that!"

WONDERFUL "STANDARD BITTERS."—S. A. H. McKim, M. D., of Washington City, speaking of Spear's Wine, says: "So much pleased have I been with it, that I have introduced it into the Washington Asylum, to which I am the Physician." His Wine is the base of his Bitters, made bitter by what are in daily use by the Medical Faculty. They only need a trial to recommend them. Sold by Druggists.

UNSURPASSED BY IMPORTED ARTICLES.—Colgate & Co.'s Soap, both Laundry and Toilet, are not surpassed in quality by the best imported articles.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The taste for elegant household furniture has become a feature in the character of the American people. Among those who have most contributed to improve this taste is the firm of Warren Ward & Co. of Nos. 75 and 77 Spring street, in this city. The beauty and durability of the articles of furniture manufactured at this establishment have been noticeable from the day of its foundation in 1850, and the enterprising manufacturers are now conspicuous in that branch of American industry.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—My Grover & Baker machine has been in constant daily use, excepting Sundays, for the past twelve years, and it has

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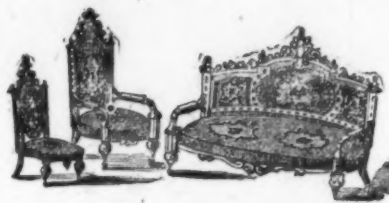
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